THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM'S IRISH TRANSLATION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES,

WITH THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH,

INCLUDING THE LATER SONGS.

TOGA

AḂRAN AIR EIRINN

Ro ċan

TOMAS UA MORḊA,

Flaiṫ na b-fileaḋ

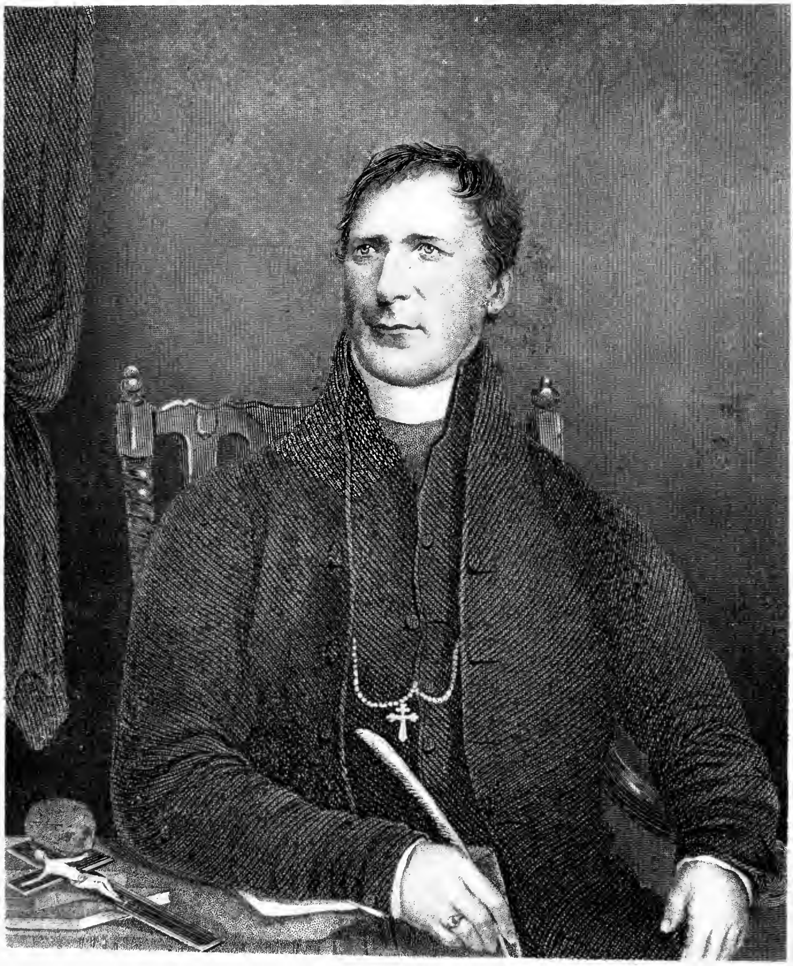
Aistriġṫe ó Sacs-béarla go Gaoiḋilge

LE SEAĠAN ARD-EASBOG ṪUAMA.

Cloḃuailte agus sgeite

le SEAMUS O'DUḂṪAIĠ A M-BAILE AṪA CLIAṪ.

1871.



Your very faithful servt

John Archbishop of Tuam

A SELECTION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES,

Translated into the Irish Language

BY

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN MACHALE

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

DUBLIN:
JAMES DUFFY, 15 WELLINGTON QUAY,
AND 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1871.

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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES IN ENGLISH AND IRISH, ACCOMPANIED WITH COPIES OF THE LETTERS HE WROTE TO THE ARCHBISHOP ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS IRISH TRANSLATION.

Having published at intervals several of Moore's melodies translated into Irish, I now give an edition of them, accompanied for the most part by the original English in juxtaposition. This is an advantage of which the want has been much felt in the preceding editions. Aware of the more extensive circulation which an edition in both languages could not fail to command, I sought from the firm of Longman in London a relaxation of their copyright of the English in favor of a project which I considered would not injuriously interfere with their commercial interests. In this expectation, however, I was disappointed, although Moore himself had the kindness to interfere, as may be seen by the annexed correspondence on the subject of the Irish Melodies, now after several years published for the first time.

Time, however, the great arbiter of comflicting interests more important than those literary publications, has at length settled the question, and, by the expiration of the exclusive copyright, has released the earlier and almost the entire of those national productions. The present issue contains above eighty of those inimitable songs, comprising all of the ten numbers, which, for their national tone I deemed most deserving of an Irish translation. Of the later numbers, there are a few as yet without the English accompaniment. But, during the few unexpired years of their copyright, the reader can easily supply the blanks from the many cheap editions of the Melodies now in circulation.

Sloperton, *December* 10*th*, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD,

On my return, but a few days since, to Sloperton, I found a heap of letters awaiting me, many of which being "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis", I thought might safely be left a few days without answers, and among these (from my not immediately making out the signature) was unfortunately your Lordship's. By the greatest good luck I happened, but a few minutes since, to open this packet, and lose not a moment in acquainting you with the cause of a delay which must have appeared to you so uncourteous and so unaccountable. As the post hour presses upon me, I have time at this moment for no more than to thank you most cordially for your kind and flattering communication, and to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's obliged servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

To His Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.

Bowood, *December*, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD,

I trust that ere this you have received my letter accounting for the long delay of my answer to your very gratifying announcement. That these songs of mine should be translated into what I may call their native language, is in itself a great gratification and triumph to me; but, that such a tribute should come from the pen of your Grace, considerably adds to the pride and pleasure I feel in it.

I need hardly say that any assistance I can lend by making inquiries of publishers, or otherwise facilitating your task, shall be most heartily at your Grace's command.

I am most truly your Grace's
Faithful servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

To His Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Arbhbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.

Bowood, *January*, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,

Almost ever since I received your last letter, I have been in expectation of being called to town for the purpose of pursuing my labours at the State Paper Office, which will now be a long and frequent task of mine, as I have re-embarked, after a long interruption, in my Irish History. It was my intention, had I gone to town, to make such inquiries on the subject of your translation, as would be more satisfactory than any I can procure through the medium of letters. I know nothing of the state of the *property* of the work in Dublin, but in London it is in the hands of the widow of the late James Power, from whom the Longmans derive the power of publishing it. To her, therefore, any application must be made to authorize the use of either the words or the music for publication in England. I should be most sorry, I assure you, if by any of those difficulties my work were to lose the high honour you intended it by giving your translation to the world.

The letter in the newspaper which you were so kind as to send me, did not want any additional interest to its own power of language and thought; but, if it did, the sight of my own poetry (in what might be almost called its natural language) enshrined thus in the midst of *your* prose, would most abundantly afford it.

I am, my dear Lord,
Your Grace's very faithful servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

To the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam,
Tuam, Ireland.

Sloperton, April 30th, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,

I feel really ashamed of myself for having so long delayed my acknowledgment of your great kindness; but, in addition to the usual pressure of business, I have been, lately, much and painfully occupied by the state of health in which my younger boy has returned from India. He is now, thank God, doing better, but we are still not free from alarm about him.

Your Irish (truly Irish) Melodies are a shame and a reproach to me, and I would willingly give up much of what I know of other languages to have been Irishman enough to accomplish such a work.

Yours, in great haste, but
Most truly,
THOMAS MOORE.

To His Grace the Most Rev. Doctor MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.

December 26th, 1845.

MY DEAR LORD,

I was for two reasons pleased and proud to hear from you. In the first place, to find myself kindly remembered by you, could not be otherwise than a pride and a pleasure to me, and in the next, the sight of another number of *the* Melodies relieved me from a fear which I was beginning to give way to, that you had not met with sufficient sympathy in your national work to induce you to continue it. This would, indeed, have been a pity and a shame, and I hail your new number as a proof that I was mistaken.

I find you have been able to make the metre of the Irish words exactly suit the airs, which must have been no easy achievement. I have a Latin translation of the Melodies, but of course no such *tour de force* is attempted in it.

Believe me, your Lordship's very sincere
And obliged servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

To the Most Rev. Doctor MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam,
Tuam, Ireland.

PREFACE TO THE EARLIER EDITIONS

OF THE IRISH TRANSLATION OF MOORE'S MELODIES.

THE powerful influence of music and poetry on the feelings and habits of every people, is too well attested by experience to require an elaborate illustration. Of our incontrovertible claims to a refined and cultivated music, and to the high intellectual tone of which it is at once the index and the offspring, the few following specimens from the now classical melodies of our country furnish abundant evidence. If further proofs were wanting, they may be found in the published *Minstrelsy* of Mr. Hardiman, or the many popular songs in the possession of Mr. Bunting, to whom every Irishman owes lasting obligations for the patriotic devotion with which they have successfully laboured to rescue from oblivion some of the most valuable relics of our ancient poetry and music. That the specimens of poetry that are left us did not always correspond with the beauty of the melody that breathes through them, cannot surprise any reader familiar with the records of that ruthless spirit which, equally jealous of both, strove to involve them in the same common destruction. Against the growth and perfection of our poetry and literature, it was, alas! as they were placed within its reach, but too successful, and hence they were so impaired by repeated aggression as to be almost extinguished: whilst our music, like the morning bird, so emblematic of its sweetness and its freedom, sought safety in higher regions from the shafts of its pursuers; and whether it lighted on the valleys, or poured its wild melodies along the summits of our mountains, it always possessed the magic power of charming the wounds which were inflicted by the persecutions of the stranger.

Yet it is not from the poetical compositions of our native bards that our melodies sustained most injury. Though the dress in which they clothed their thoughts was simple, it was in general natural and graceful, and in our popular songs in the native dialect, passages might be pointed out to the classic reader not unworthy of lyrical poets of higher fame, so faithfully was the spirit of the ancient muse transmitted through the Irish Language. It was only when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connection. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To MOORE our native music shall ever be indebted for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage, and throwing over it much of the rich oriental drapery with which a congenial fancy had so amply furnished him. Thus attired, our melodies have been introduced into the most fashionable musical saloons of Europe, nay sometimes adorned in a foreign costume; but no sooner do they breathe and speak than they are at once revealed—the genuine daughters of the Land not less famed for song, than for the fidelity, heroism, and sanctity of its children. To introduce those Melodies to my humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin, has been my object in the following translation. The banishing of those gross compositions with which our musical airs were oftentimes defiled will be doing a service to the taste and morality of the people: how much more so, when for them will be substituted those pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue, which those selections of the Irish Melodies so abundantly supply. The genius of Moore must ever command admiration. Its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin, at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion.

MEAḂRUIĠIḊ CAIṪREIM ḂRIAIN, LE'R ĠNAṪAĊ BUAIḊ.

Fonn—Maire Nic Alpin.

I.

Meaḃruiġiḋ caiṫréim Ḃriain, le'r ġnáṫaċ buaiḋ,
  Giḋ tá laeṫe an ġaisgiḋiġ 'na luiḋe,
Giḋ caillte do'n Ṁúṁan é agus sínte 'san uaiṁ,
  'S naċ ḃ-fillfiḋ go Cion-ċorraiḋ a ċoiḋ':
An reult úd na faiṫ' scap solus naċ raiḃ fann
  Air a g-caṫ, tá anois baiṫte fa ċeó;
Aċt tá leór-ruin d'a lóċran aig lasaḋ air gaċ lann,
  Le n-ar d-treórúġaḋ ċum treise ann gaċ gleó

II.

A Ṁúṁain, 'nuair do bronaḋ ort le féile neaṁ-ġann
  Gaċ máise, gaċ áille 'gus gaċ seun,
Ar saoileaḋ go ḃ-fuiġfiḋe air ḟliaḃ no a' n-gleann
  Lorg fuaṫṁar oirc foirneartṁair ḋein:—
Biḋeaḋ aig an Loċlanaċ seanas cinte, fíor,
  Go d-troidfeamuid sa ṡaoirse go treun,
'S gur feárr a ḃeiṫ bliaḋanta faoi ċreaċda, le ḃeiṫ saor,
  'Ná táṁ uaisé a slaḃraiḋiḃ faoi leun.

III.

Na dearmadaiḋ na có-laoċra dílse, ṫug toil
  Ḃeiṫ sastuiġṫe go calmaċ 'sa n-gleó;
Giḋ ḃiḋ caonaċ an ġleanna dearg lé n-a ḃ-fuil,
  Níor ṫeiṫeadar, aċt ṫuiteadar d' eis clóċ.
An ġrian, a tá d'ar soilsiúġaḋ, do ċonairc iad 'na luiḋe
  Air ḃáinseaċaiḃ Osruiḋe fá lár,
Ná biḋeaḋ smúid air, ná brat-ḃróin anoċt aig dul faoi
  Fá gur ṫuiteadar gan cúitiúġaḋ san ár.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.

Air—*Molly Macalpin*

I.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
  Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
  He returns to Kinkora no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
  Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
  To light us to victory yet.

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
  Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
  The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
  Go, tell our invaders the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
  Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

III.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
  In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
  They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
  Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
  To find that they fell there in vain.

EIRIN TA DEORA AGUS SMIGEAḊA DO ṠUL.

Fonn—Eilín a Rúin.

I.

Eirin, tá deóra 'gus smígeaḋa do ṡúl
Mar an bóġa-uisge cumṫar ar measgaḋ na n-dul
Lonnraċ tri ċáise deór,
Brónaċ lár sians' go leór,
Tá do ġrianta fá dúḃan mór
Aig éiriġe gaċ lá.

II.

Eirin, ni tiormóċar do ċiún-deór go deó;
Eirin, ní buan ḃeiḋear do lag-ġáire beo:
Go raiḃ gaċ daṫ fa réir,
An-aoinḟeaċt lé cur go léir,
'S aig déanaḋ mar ṫuaġ na spéir'
Bóġa síoṫċáin' gaċ tráṫ.

NA COGARAIḊ AṀAIN AINM.

Fonn—An ċailín Donn.

I.

Ná cógaraiḋe aṁáin ainm, aċt codlaḋ sé faoi sgáṫ
'S an g-cré 'ḟuair 'n ar cuireaḋ é go h-uaigneaċ ann a ḃláṫ:
Agus tiuġ, tuirseaċ, trom ḃiḋeaḋ deóra ar súl,
Mar ḋrúċd na h-oiḋċe ṫuitear ar néultaiḃ na n-dúl.

II.

An drúċd úr, do ṫuitear go ciún agus go fras,
Congḃaiġeann sé an uaiṁ, ann a g-codlann sé, síor-ġlas,
'Gus na deóra, do siltear le uaigneas na h-oiḋċe,
Cuṁdoċaiḋ siad ar g-cúṁa úr ann g-croiḋe.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Eilin a run.*

I.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies
  Shining through sorrow's stream,
  Saddening through pleasure's beam,
  Thy suns with doubtful gleam
    Weep while they rise.

II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
  Till, like the rainbow's light,
  Thy various tints unite,
  And form in Heaven's sight
    One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

TRA DO'N TE TA ḊUIT TAḂ'RṪA NAĊ M-BEIḊ 'GA LUAḊ.

Fonn—Coldaḋ an t-sionaiġ.

I.

Tra do'n té tá ḋuit taḃ'rṫa naċ m-béiḋ,' ga luaḋ,
  Aċt a lóċta 'gus aṁgar ro ġeur
A n-guilfir, trá béiḋ siad a' duḃċan glan-ṫúaḋ
  An te, ḋuit-se tá sínte faoi an ḃ-feur?
Guil 's ciḋ is trom, réir do naṁaid do ċáin,
  Beiḋ a n-guiste 'ga niġeaḋ le do ḋeór;
Oir is cinte, cíḋ ḋoiḃ-san ḃiḋeas ciontaċ aṁáin,
  Go ra'ḃ ḋuit-se mé dilis go leor.

II

Buḋ ortsa ḃí brionglóide og' ḋil mo ḃiṫ,
  'S buḋ ort m' eágna aig meoṁaraḋ go síor;
'S an orṫa, as deirenaiġe, racfaḋ súas ó mo ċroíḋe,
  Béiḋ ar n' ainme 'g-córoinn go fíor.
O 's aoiḃin dó'n ċáirde, ḟanas beo air a t-saoġal,
  Feicsin laeṫe do ġlóir' is mór ċáil.
Na ḋéiġ sin ni'l beannaċt ċo gar dó, a n-gaol,
  Le bás air son d' árd-réim' d 'ḟáġail.

AN ĊRUIT, DO SCAP ṪRI ṪALLAIḊ 'N RIĠ.

Fonn—Maire a stóir.

I

An ċruit, do scap ṫrí ṫallaiḋ 'n riġ
  Na gaeṫe ceólta binn',
Ta 'r ḃallaiḋ Teaṁra 'nois 'nn a luiḋe
  Gan fearsad ceoil, no rinn:
Mar súd tá 'n t-am, ċuaiḋ ṫart, faoi ċeo,
  Ta 'ċáil, 's a ċliú faoi ṡuan;
Is croiḋṫe 'ṡantuiġ molta teó,
  Ni airiġeann iad go buan.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

Air—*The Fox's Sleep.*

I.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however thy foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see:
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Air—*Molly Astore.*

I.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

II.

Ní cluintear cruit na Teaṁra treun
  Measg cruinniúġaḋ ban no saoi,
'Oir fuagrann, í ḃeiṫ feacṫa, faon,
  Fuaim briste teud sa n-oiḋċe.
Mar súd do'n t-saorsaċt. 's anaṁ trá
  A dúsgṫar í go deó,
Aċt 'nuair a bristear croiḋe 'g a ċráḋaḋ,
  Aig foilsiúġaḋ í ḃeiṫ beó.

NA SÍL GUR SIOR-ARD AGUS AERAĊ MO ĊROIḊE.

Fonn—Seaġan O'Raġallaiġ Clisteaċ.

I.

Na síl gur síor-ard agus aeraċ mo ċroiḋe
No ó lindub ċo saor agus ciḋtear sa trá;
No go ḃ-fanaiḋ an smig lasas suarcas na h-oiḋċe
  Air mo leacaiḃ air maidin gan smuid air bíṫ craḋ
Ní'l an sa 't-saoġal so aċt fasaċ neaṁ-ṫorraċ
Naċ ḃ-feicṫear aċt anaṁ an rós ann sa t-sliġe
'S an láṁ is mo santuiġ an ḃláṫ tríd a g-corraċ
Si 's luaiṫe ġuinear na deilg ta faoi.
Aċt cuir ṫart an ċuaċ 's air feaḋ seal' suilḃir bíḋ,
Ȯ ṁí-aḋ ar m-beaṫa beiḋ cuṁdíġṫe go leor
Le deor ṫig o smig' ḋealruíġeas gardoċas croiḋe
  Agus smig' iompuiġeas teagar na truaġa ċum deor

II.

Is cinte gur dorċa ḃeiḋeaḋ eige ar m-bíḋ
Gan e ḃeiṫ fiġte le suarcas 's le gráḋ
'Gus d'-ḟagfain mo ḃeannaċt aig a t-saoġal so a ċoiḋċe
  Nuair a ċailfaid na seoda ud 'sgeiṁ a's a m-bláṫ.
Do'n te buḋ fearr cuman, se buḋ doiġe ḃeiṫ mealṫa
Aig eugcaoin na h-aisling' do ḃreuguiġ a ċroiḋe.
S an te buḋ mó ṁuinin as muintreas 's a ġealta
Is aoiḃin mar casaḋ do, feall air a ṡliġe

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Air—*John O'Reily the Active.*

I.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
  And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now:
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
  Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow,
No:—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
  Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
  Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile:—
  May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
  And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
  If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
  When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
  Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
  Is happy indeed if 't was never deceiv'd.

Aċt cuir ṫart an ċuaċ, 's ċoad 's ḟanas de ġaeṫ
Na firinne géille aig fear na aig mnaoi,
Biḋeaḋ grian leus an ċumain air ṁadin air lae
Gur ré solais muintris da ḋealruġaḋ dul faoi.

GIḊ SO M' AṀARC DEIĠIONAĊ AIR EIRINN A CAOIḊ.

Fonn—Lin Cúlean.

I.

Gíḋ so m'aṁarc déiġionaċ air Eirinn a caoiḋ,
Geabfad Eire 'nn gaċ tír, a m-béiḋiḋ cuisle mo ċroiḋe:
'Béiḋ d' uċt mar ṫeaċ-ḋídin, a ċéile mo ċlaon,
Is do rosg mar réalt-eóluis a n-geur-ḃruid a g-cian.

II.

Go cluain uaigneaċ fásaiġ, no cuan coiṁiḋeaċ, gorg,
Ann naċ féidir lé'r náṁaid ar g-coiscéim do lorg,
Ealóċad lé mo ċúilḟionn, 'sní aireóċaiḋ mé an síon
Ċo geur leis an náṁaid, tá d'ar n-díbirt as díon.

III.

Dearcfad air ór-ḟolt tiuġ, fáinneaċ do ċinn,
Is éisdfead le ceóltaiḃ do ċláirsiġe tá binn,
Gan eagla go stróicfeaḋ an Sasanaċ teann
Aon teud as do ċruit, no aon dlaoiġ as do ċeann

BUḊ LUAĊṀAR, TEARC, SEOIDE NA h-OIĠ-ṀNA SAIṀ'.

Fonn—Ta an saṁra teaċt.

I.

Buḋ lúaċṁar, tearc, seóide na h-oiġ-ṁná saiṁ'
Agus fáinne de'n ór air a ḃ-fleasg ann a láiṁ.
Aċt buḋ lonnraiġe go fada a sgéiṁ is a bláṫ
'Ná an ór-ḟlat 'sna seóide, d'a áille 's d' a ḃreáġa.

But send round the bowl: while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Air—*Coulin.*

I.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough winds
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I 'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Air—*The summer is coming.*

I.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But ah! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

II.

Naċ ionġnaḋ do'n ṁaiġdean, a d' ḟiafruiġ an saoi,
Ḃeiṫ siúbal gc h-aonaraċ a n-uaigneas na sliġe,
Ḃ-fuil subáilciḋe oig-ḟear na h-Eireann ċo ṁór,
'S naċ d-tnuṫfaḋ go truailliḋ lé ainnḟir no ór?

III.

Do ḟreagair, ní'l eagla nó buaiḋirt air mo ċroiḋe,
Ní ḋéanfaiḋ clann Eireann dam doċar no ḋíṫ;
Gíḋ claónṁar air ḋeire iad 's air ḟeóidib go leór,
Is annsa leó coinġioll a's cáiḋe go mór.

IV.

Lé smígeaḋ sgíaṁaċ, lasta ó ionracas croiḋe,
Ṡiúbal an óig-bean go muiníġneaċ iomlán na críċ',
Is beannaċt do'n té, aig a raiḃ dóṫċus as cáil
Na ḃ-flaṫa saoi-ḃeusaċ, feara fíor Innse-fáil.

MAR ĠAṪ SOILSEAĊ GREINE AIR LINN DUḂ 'NA LUIḊE

Fonn—Aislin an oig ḟir.

I.

Mar ġaṫ soilseaċ gréine air linn duḃ 'na luiḋe
Is fuar-ṫuil' na ḃ-fóinri lé fánaḋ dul faoi,
Bíḋeas an leaca ḃíḋeas lasta le smígeḋ sgiaṁaċ, ḃláḋ,
'S an croiḋe stiġ lé trom-ualaċ duḃróin d'á ċráḋaḋ.

II.

Aon ċuiṁne aṁáin cuṁaṁail gan táṁ, ḃiḋeas síor-ḃeó,
'S aig silt air ar laeṫib a ḋúḃain 's a ċeó,
Naċ d-tigeann air, átrúġaḋ ó lannair, nó neul,
S' a ṁáoluġaḋ nó a ḃuaiḋreaḋ go sáróċaḋ an saoġal.

III.

Béiḋ an ċuiṁne úd d'ar n-gonaḋ lár fleiḋe gan sgíṫ,
Mar ḋuilleóg ċríon saṁraiḋ air ċraoḃ crainn 'na luiḋe,
A gealtar le gaeṫib na gréine air a n-geug,
'S naċ n-úraiġeann na ḋiaiḋ sin, lé n'a ṫéagar go h-eug.

II.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
"For though they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more".

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

Air—*The young man's dream.*

I.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting:

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

NI Ḃ-FUIL ANSA G-CRUINNE AON ĊUMAR, NO GLEANN.

Fonn—Sean ceann Donaċa.

I.

Ní ḃ-fuil ansa g.cruinne aon ċumar, no gleann,
Mar an lag a ḃ-fuil có-ṡruṫ na dís' aḃann ann;
Is luaiṫe ḃéiḋeas éalaiġṫe uaim m' arrann, 's mo ḃríġ,
'Na ċríonfas an gleánn glas úd úr as mo ċroiḋe.

II.

Ní hé an t-aṁarc breáġ, aoiḃinn ḃí sgarṫa air gaċ taoḃ,
Ní hé lonnair an ċriostáil, ná úr-ḃláṫ na g-craoḃ,
Ní hé coṁgar na sruṫa mar eug-ċeól mná-síġe,
Aċt níḋ éigin níos dílse tá a n-doiṁneaċt an ċroiḋe:

III.

Siad mo ċáirde, do ċeangail mo ċumann 's mo ċlaon,
Do scap air gaċ níḋ ann, sgéiṁ ṡásta na mian;
Oir ní'l aon níḋ d'a áille naċ méaduiġeann a ḃláṫ,
D'a ḟeicsrin tre ṡúilib air a m-biḋeann againn gráḋ.

IV.

A ġleann aoiḃinn ċaṫ-aḃna, buḋ suaiṁneaċ mo ṡuan
Faoi ḟasgaḋ do ċáḃáin lé mo ċara fíor-ḃuan,
'N áit a m-béiḋmuid ó na síontaiḃ faoi ḋidean go sáiṁ
'S ar g-croiḋṫe mar do ċiún-ṡruṫa cóiṁeasgṫa lé dáiṁ.

NAOṀ SENÁN AGUS AN ḂEAN-ĊUARTA.

Fonn— An draḋanán donn.

I

O! deifriġ a's fág, an long gan áḋ,
An innis beannuiġ' roiṁ an lá;
Oir air do ḃord, giḋ is dorċaḋ an oiḋċe
Ciḋim cuma, is dual do mnaoi:
Oir se mo ṁoid' sa'n í so, cló
Cois' mna naċ ḃ-fagfar ann go deo.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Air—*The old head of Denis.*

I.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'T was that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

I.

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
"Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
"For on thy deck, though dark it be,
  "A female form I see;
"And I have sworn this sainted sod
"Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod".

II.

O aṫair! na cuir ṫríd an t-srut,
Mo ḃád lár síonta 's tonnta duḃ';
Toirmiġim ḃeiṫ go h-uṁal ó ċroiḋe
Roint d' orṫa maiḋne a's oiḋċe,
Ḟir ḃeannuiġṫe ni 'l aon áḋḃar sgaṫ'
Go milfaḋ mo ċos an t-úr no ḃláṫ.

III.

Níor ḋeonnuiġ áird do ġuṫ na mna
'Gus d' ḟill an long le cóir 'sa trá,
Aċt da n-déanfaḋ an óig-ḃean sgiṫ
Ann go d-ti críoċ na h·oiḋċe,
Do réir na sgeult' buḋ ṁór an baoġal
Naċ d-treigfaḋ an t-oileán le n-a saoġal.

NAĊ AOIḂIN UAIR AIG TOMAḊ GREINÉ ANNS AN Ḃ-FRAIĠ.

Fonn—Casaḋ an t-súgain.

I.

Naċ aoiḃin uair aig tomaḋ gréine anns a' ḃ-fráiġ,
'S a solus sínte air a g-ciún-tonn go tráiġ!
Tig ó aimsir arsa, aisling tiúg leis an n-oiḋċe,
Aig dúraċt cúṁa ar g-cairde, úr ann ar g-croiḋe.

II.

Trá ḋearcaim lóċrann lag an lae aig dul faoi,
'S an áiḋḃéis daiṫte leis an or-sgáil buiḋe;
Tríḋ ṫonna lonnraċ' tnuṫaim, triall siar go cuan
Na h-innse áille, a ḃ-fuiġead ann seun 'gus suan.

II.

"O Father! send not hence my bark,
"Through wintry winds and o'er billows dark.
"I come with humble heart to share
"Thy morn and evening prayer:
"Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint,
"The brightness of thy sod to taint".

III.

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd:
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

Air—*The twisting of the rope.*

I.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her every sigh to thee.

II.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that path of golden rays,
And think 't will lead to some bright isle of rest.

Dileaḋ an Ḟiliḋ.

Fonn—Air Seaċrán.

I.

Trá ciún n'eis ḃáis ḃeiḋeas sínte claon,
Beir ċum mo ċeile ġraḋaiġe, mo ċroiḋe:
Dí innis gur ċoṫuiġ é smig' a's sgaiṫ fíon',
Có'ad a's air an t-saoġal so, 'nna ċoṁnuiḋe ḃí,
Leí, abair gan silt aon deor amáin gola
A líonfaḋ le lionn-duḃ brón a croiḋe,
Aċt braon a ṫaisgeaḋ de ċaor fíon fola
Cum an fuiġioll a ḃeiṫ falcṫa gaċ lá a's oiḋċe.

II.

'Nuair ḃeiḋeas solus mo ċeol' 'nna luiḋe
Béir mo ċláirseaċ go d-tí do lann,
Croċ í suas le h-ais dorus an tiġe
'Ḃ-faġann siúbalaiḋ' tuirseaċ' sgiṫ fáiltaṁail ann,
'S trá déanfas bard boċt seaċrain' seasaḋ'
A dursaċt a teuda as suan go rinn,
Biḋeaḋ cuiṁne air an ḃ-file air leis í, a lasaḋ,
Do smíg do leanḃ na g-ceolta binn.

III.

Conḃuiġ, a's é 'nois faoi ṁaol, an sgála
Ċum, -n'éis me imṫeaċt,—ḃeiṫ air do ċlar
Aċt beul gan cuman aig sléiḋ no dala
Go deo ni ḃlaisfiḋ deor as a ḃár.
Aċt ma biḋeann fear fíor gan claon í ṁeallaḋ,
As ólfas d' a rún naċ dual a ċráḋ,
Mo ġaeṫe beiḋ 'g eitioll teaċt ann réir ġeallaḋ,
'Gur beannuġaḋ gaċ braon de 'n g-cuaċ 'sa tra.

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

Air—*Wanting.*

I.

When in death I shall calm recline,
  Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear:
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
  Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
  To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
  To bathe the relic from morn till night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
  Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
  Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
  Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! then let one thought of its master waken
  Your warmest smiles for the child of song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
  To grace your revel when I 'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
  On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
  To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
  And hallow each drop that foams for him.

naċ minic do ġuil an ḃean-siġe.

Fonn—An óig-ḃean duḃ ionṁuin.

I.

Naċ minic do ġuil an ḃean-síġe!
Naċ minic do ċráiḋ bás an croiḋe,
Aig sgaolaḋ gaċ cuing 'sa trá,
Do ḋealḃ glóir, no graḋ.
Do gaċ aon laoċ calma tá sínte
Suan! 's do ġaċ súil tá neulṁar le caointe!
Air a n-uaiṁ, ann a g-coḋlann an luan,
Guileaḋ na h-óiġe 's na gaisgiḋiġ go buan.

II.

Is duḃ an t-am ann a ḃ-fuilmuid ḃeó,
Soluis d'eis a ċéile faoi ċeó;
's gaċ aon, a scar lóċrann mar reul
Triḋ Eire, anois múċta faoi neull.
'S trom deor an té, ḃ-fuil a ċroiḋe 'g a ḃriseaḋ,
Ḃ-fuil eugṫa a ṡó, 's a ḋóiġ 'ga ċliseaḋ:
Aċt aig aire an ḟlaṫa is geal go leór,
Do ṫuiteas air a ċróċar an deór.

III.

Tá ar leus-ṁara múċta gan daṫ,"
Tu-sa, a Ċoin na g-ceud caṫ!
'S tú eile! 's air do ḃriaṫraiḃ teó
Ḃi suan, saoirse a's fírinn, beó—
Ḋís eugṫa,—ḟad ḃeiḋeas gaisgiḋeaċt lannrac,
No daoineaċt sa ġeur-creaċ cogaiḋ sganrac,
Ḃéiḋ a m-beaṫa 's a m-bás ann gaċ dáil
'Ga g-canaḋ trí úr Innis-fáil.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—*The dear black maid.*

I.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

II.

We 're fall'n upon gloomy days!
Star after star decays,
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth:
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

III.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

SUD AIR SIUḂAL ṪRÍD AN G-CRUINNE.

Fonn—Garrḋa Eoin.

I.

Súd air siuḃal ṫríd an g-cruinne mar leinḃ lár fleiḋ',
Táḃairt blas' de rud milis, a's de rud eile' mian
'S nuair a ṫuirsiġeas an sians 'sa g-criċ ṡoir ḃiḋeas teiṫ,
Ċum tír 'ṡiar ḃeiṫ 'truallaḋ biḋeann againn claon.
  Má's mearg na seoide is áille, is gnaṫaċ',
Truaġ-ċroiḋṫe aireaṁ, 'gur roisg gan ceo,
  Ní eigin duinn imṫeaċt as ar d-tír fein gráḋaċ
'Cur tóir' air rún searcaṁail 'gur súile beo,
  'Nois cuiṁniġ, aig dul ṫart do'n sgála ar a' g-clár
Ma's soirṁar, no siarṁur ḃeiḋeas d' aisdir sa t-sliġe
  Trá ċum sláinte mna, 'ḃeiḋeas cuaċ líonta go bár
Na dearmuid an smíg lasas fasgaḋ do ṫiġe.

II.

A g-criċ Sacsan biḋeann garrḋa na deise, faoi sgáṫ,
Aig naṫair leacantaċ, 'g a ḟaire mar ṁaor;
Aċt ċo trom ḃiḋeas 'nna codlaḋ an naṫair gaċ trá,
Go ḃ-fagṫar an ġairdín gan faire ma 's fíor.
Ní'l ann, fál milseaċ drisaṁail geur,
Mar biḋeas ann Eirinn ' coimirc a bláṫ
  A ṫéiġeas ar g-ceudfaiḋ trá ġoineas ar meur'
  Taḃairt teagair do'n ċroiḋe tra ḃiḋeas 'ga ċráḋ.
    'Nois cuiṁniġ, (mar ta ṡuas).

III.

'Sa ḃ-Frainc 'nuair sgaoilear bean-ċeile ċum sráiġ'
Sior-ḃuarṫa an ṗósta, a seolta lán`,
Is anaṁ gniḋeas graḋ aċt a treoruġaḋ o'n tráiġ
'g a fágail, aig impiḋe dí "aisdir slán".

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

I.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

II.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.

Aċt ingéana Eireann congḃuiġeann gan sgiṫ
An t-óglaċ gaḃṫa, le fonn a raṁ
Tríḋ sgalan' gréine 'gur síonta gaoṫ'
Mar ḃi 'nuair a ċuir se a long air snáṁ
'Nois cuiṁniġ (mar ṡé ṡuas).

Biḋeaḋ cuiṁne aig éirinn air na laeṫiḃ do ḃí.

Fonn—An Sionnaċ ruaḋ.

I.

Biḋeaḋ cuiṁne aig Eirinn air na laeṫiḃ, do ḃí,
Sul do ḃraiṫ 'a clann féin i le feill-ḃeart,
Nuair ḃí ioḋ de 'n ór-ḃuiḋe air ḃráġaid Maoilḟeaclainn an riġ,
Do ḃuaiḋ ó'n naṁ, ḃí uailleaċ as all-neart:
'Nuair sgaoil a riġṫe brat glas na Craoḃ-ruaiḋ'
Tabairt a laoċra ċum caṫa go claonṁar,
Sul do facas seóide Eireann aig dealraḋ go nuaḋ
A g-cróin-ḟleasg an t-Sasanaiġ treunṁair.

II.

Trá ḃiḋeas air loċ Néaċaiḋ an t-iasgaire aig siúḃal
Le linn solus lae ḃeiṫ aig faonaḋ,
Ciḋeann sean-ċloigṫiġ ṡíos, nuair ḃiḋeas go h-úṁal
Air ḃruaċ na linne aig claonaḋ:
Mar súd, tré aisling ḃiḋmuid aig fáġail
Las-leus air na laeṫiḃ tá a g-cianta,
'S go brónaċ aig dearcaḋ air a n-glóir faoi sgáil,
Ta báiṫte faoi ṫrom-ṫona bliaḋanta.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he looked when he left the shore.
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Air—*The Red Fox.*

I.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

BÍḊEAḊ SUAN ORT, ṠRUṪ, ṀAOILLE.

Fonn—Arrեaḋ m' Eiḃlín ḋílis.

I.

Bíḋeaḋ suan ort, ṡruṫ, Ṁaoille, tá borrṫa le díle,
Na buaiḋreaḋ na síonta do ċiun-tuile lán,
Tá aig éisdeaċt 's an oiḋċe le gol ingin' Lire
Aig éagcaoin na n-geasa d' ḟág í le fán.
Cá h-am béiḋeas an ala aig foir-ċeann a draoiḋeaċta,
Cá h-am do cluinféar a h-eug-ċeol air toinn?
Cá h-am do buailféar dam árd-ċloga riġeaċta
Na b-flaṫas, do m' ḟáiltiuġaḋ ó'n t-saoġal so go binn?

II.

Air do ṫonn ġarḃ ġeiṁriḋ, monuar! béiḋid mo ċaointe,
Aig fuagraḋ mo ḋraoiḋeaċta tré na saoġalta go buan,
'Na ḟad tá 'Eire faoi ċuiḃreaiġ' a geur-náṁaid, sínte,
Aig feiṫeaḋ air a n-uair le n-a dúsaċt ó ṡuan:
Cá h-am éireoċas reult lonnraċ aig soilsiúġaḋ
Air ḟáiṁ-innis Eireann lán-lóċrain an lae?
Cá h-am do cluinféar ceol ḟlaṫais aig foilsiuġaḋ,
Gur fáiltiġeaḋ Fionnuala go naoṁ-áras Dé?

GRIAN-ḂOṪ EIḂLÍN.

Fonn—Air Seaċrán.

I.

Bí 'caoineaḋ an ama
Trá ċum Eiḃlín' leaṁa
Ṫainic tiarna an gleana le geallta breug',
Bí an geallaċ faoi neul
'Sníor las 'sa speur aon reul
Le cuṁa, gur ċaill an óg-bean a clú go h-eug.

THE SONG OF FIONNULA.

Air—*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*

I.

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, her chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Air— *Wanting.*

I.

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds at the maiden's shame.

II.

Ní raiḃ le faġail
Air an rae coiḋe, sgáil,
'Oir ḃris amaċ arís a leus go luaṫ;
Aċt co'ad 's ḃeiḋeas sí beo
Ní sgarfar arís go deo
An slám a ṫuit air Eiblín duḃaċan a tuaḋ.

III.

Ḃí an sneaċta' 'na luiḋe
Air ċéim ċuṁang na sliġe
Ṫríd an m-bogaċ ann ar ḟill an Tiarna ó 'n gleann;
Agus is iomḋa lorg nuaḋ,
'Sa t-sneaċta, milleaḋ a t-snuaḋ,
D' Ḟoillsiġ a ċéim ċum an tiġe rai Eiblín ann.

IV.

Leáġ grian an lae
Le tear-ḃriġ a gae
Gaċ lorg d'ḟag feall-ċos an Tiġarna gan croiḋe,
Aċt aig gaeṫe neiṁe aṁain,
Tá glanaḋ' 'maċ an ċáin
D' ḟan air 'cail 'ḃarr do-ḃeirt na h-oiḋċe.

B' ARD É AN FUAGRAḊ.

Fonn—An rógaire duḃ.

I.

B'árd é an fuagraḋ, ó 'n t-saoirse do ġáir,
Agus b' aoiḃin an uair, do ṫug Spáinniġ air fáir
  Aig dúsaċt ċum díoġaltais as geiḃeal oirc ċruaiḋ!
O! a ṡaoirse! ná fáġtar air d' aigne aon sgíṫ,
Go d-téiḋir ṫar an iar-ṁuir go deiḟireaċ, mar ġaoṫ;
Taḃair solus do ġnúise do gaċ áit, tá 's a ċráḋaḋ,
'S ná ceill air ġlas-ṡeamróg na h-Eireann do ġráḋ
  Aig fíġeaḋ craoḃ-ola Spainneaċ air ċróin-ḟleasg do ḃuaiḋ'.

II.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

III.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

IV.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there 's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Air—*The Black Joke.*

I.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
O Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

Má ḃeir oiġreaċt ċeirt sinsear, a's oiġreaċt a d-tuaḋ,
Do gaċ tír a's gaċ teallaċ snás sgiaṁac a's snuaḋ,
  Má's lot an feall 's má ḃeir aṁras leis cáin!
A ġaisgiḋiġ na h-Iḃire, is ionann ar sliġe,
Is bíḋeaḋ se gan leac, no deor ċaointe 'nna luiḋe
Beiḋeaḋ feiṫeaḋ air ḃás air biṫ buḋ clutaiġe dó
'Na ḃeiṫ air uiṁir na m-buaḋaċ aig tuitim 'sa n-gleo,
  Fá ḟeamróg na h-Eireann 's craoḃ-ola na Spáinn'.

III.

A Ḃlácaiġ is Uí Ḋóṁnaill, 'ṫréig tír ġlas na m-beann,
Ann ar h-oileaḋ ḃur n-óige 's naċ raiḃ le fáġail ann
  An díḋean 's an fásgaḋ, do fuair siḃ a g-cian:
Guiḋiḋ an leus a ḃí lasta le ḃur saor-ġaoṫ, ḃeiṫ ḃeo
Ann Eirinn, go soilseaċ gan corruġaḋ, gan ceo;
'S ná tógḃaiḋe air ċríċ Sacsan ḃeiṫ go mall a's go fann
Aig tarraing sa g-coṁrac n-aġaiḋ náṁaid a lann
  Air son craoḃ-ola Spáinneaċ a's bláṫ Eireann na ḃ-fian.

IV.

Bail Ḋe air an tionscnaḋ! ní clisfiḋ go deo,
'Fad 's ṁairfeas aon laoċ, 'nn a ḃ-fuil tír-ċumann beo,
  Le ḃeiṫ cosaint na g-ceart, d'a ḃ-fuil aige claon:
Béiḋ glóir aig fíor-ḟoilsiúġaḋ na h-áit', ḃ-fuil 'nna luiḋe
Na mairtiriḋe ṫíre, aig ar ḃris brón a g-croiḋe,
A ḃ-fad ó ċos claḋaire, nó tráill suaraiġ, daoir,
D'a ḃ-faire 's d'a g-cúṁdaċ aig na h-óig-ġaeṫiḃ saor,
  Faoi 'n g-craoḃ-ola Spáinneaċ 'gus seamróg na ḃ-fian.

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same,
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

MAR AN NAOṀ-ṪEINE LASTA A G-CILL-DARA LAIĠEAN.

Fonn—Tá me 'mo ċodlaḋ.

I.

Mar an naoṁ-ṫeine lasta a g-Cill-dara Laiġean,
  Gan múċaḋ tré bliaḋanta de ḋoineann ġeur, ġorg,
Tá an ċroiḋe, biḋeas lár síonta geur', úr mar an t-éiḋean,
  'S naċ g-cóṁnuiġeann 'na ḋiaiġ sin air, fuiġeall bróin, no lorg.
  Eirinn! O Eirinn! mar súd tá go mór
  Do spiorad aig briseaḋ ṫri ḋúḃan na n-deor.

II.

Tá na riġaċta d 'eis claonaḋ ó árd ċríoċ a réim',
  Agus neulta na h-oiḋċe aig teaċt air a g-cáil,
Tá Eire mar ġrian maiḋne aig éiriġe a g-céim
  'S ní ḃéiḋ aon t slám d'a geur-ḃruid go gairid le fáġail.
  Eirinn! O Eirinn! tá le saoġaltaiḃ faoi sgáṫ,
  Nuair eulóċas a g-cliú-san, béiḋ do ċaiṫréim faoi bláṫ.

III.

Biḋeann an lile feaḋ geiṁriḋ 'n a codlaḋ sa g-cré,
  Gan meaṫaḋ le bairleaċ, gan dúsaċt le síon,
Go n-éiriġiḋ arís le gaeṫiḃ an earraiġ,
  Fáġail ó ṫéagar na h-árd-ġréine fasgaḋ a's díon.
  Eirinn! O Eirinn! tá do ġeiṁreaḋ faoi suan.
  'S an dóiġ, a ṁair beó tríot, béiḋ bláṫaṁail go buan.

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP THAT SHONE.

Air—*Tha ma ma colla.*

I.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin! O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! O Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin! O Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd through it shall blossom at last.

NA TÓIG AIR AN Ḃ-FILE.

Fonn—Caitlín Tiriall.

I.

Na tóig air an ḃ-file, má euluiġeann fá'n g-cluan,
'N a m-bíḋeann roġ-ċlaon aig fonóid faoi árd-tuaḋ go buan,
Nior ṫair ḃi ḋoiġ sinsir 's le uain 'gus le trá
Go clutaṁuil, do ḋéanfaḋ gnioṁ gáisgiḋ, gan sgáṫ
An teud, tá 'nois sínte air an g-ceol-ċruit go fann,
Do ṡeolfaḋ a g-croiḋe an náṁaid an bás-ġaṫ go teann;
'S an teanga, naċ sileann aċt mil-ṡruṫ na g-claon,
Buḋ tuilteaċ í aig brosdúġaḋ gráḋa tíre na ḃ-Fian—

II.

Mo nuair d'a ṫír áluin! tá a caiṫréim 'nn a luiḋe,
'S an croiḋe cróḋa briste, nár ḃ' ḟéidir a ċlaoiḋeaḋ
Caiṫfiḋ éagcaoin a ḟíor-slioċt ḃeiṫ faluiġṫe ó'n t-saoġal,
'Oir is bás-ḃreiṫ a ċosaint, 's ní ḃ-fuil a cumann gan baoġal.
Tá a clan gan aon ċeannas, mar n-déanfaid siad feall,
'S mur d-truailliġid a sinsear aig iompóġaḋ le Gall;
'S an trillsean, tá aig lasaḋ slíġe céime, gaċ lá,
Naċ sgiobṫar ó'n g-cárn é, air a ḃ-fuil Eire 'ga cráḋaḋ.

III.

Na tóig air an ḃ-file a ḃeiṫ aig síor-ḋéanaḋ rann,
'S an t-olc, naċ n-dán léiġeas, do ḋíḃreaḋ le greann:
Biḋeaḋ aige aċt leus ḋóṫċuis, is lasfaiḋ go beo
A rosg tre ḃrat cúṁa mar an ġrian tre slám ceo:
Déanfaiḋ íoḋḃairt do Eirinn de na beusaiḃ, a ḃiḋeann
'Ga ṡeolaḋ air mearḃall le fánaḋ a ċlaon,
'S le dlaoiġ na g-craoḃ glas, a tá fiġte air a ċeann
Mar an Greug, aig imirt dioġaltais, falóċaiḋ sé a lann.

IV.

Aċt giḋ gur ealuiġ do ṁór-ċéim, mar aisling na h-oiḋċe
Béiḋiḋ d'ainm 'ga luaḋ aig an ḃ-file a ċoiḋċe,
An trá is mó suarcas air a aigne le seun,
Béiḋ aig seinnim go h-árd-ḃinn do leaṫṫrom 's do leun:

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

Air—*Kitty Tyrrell.*

I.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame:
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame;
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

II.

But alas! for his country!—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 't is treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons till they 've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

III.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he 'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down,
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

IV.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in his songs:
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy songs.

Cluinfiḋ an coigríġeaċ do ġárṫa-ċroiḋe fíor',
Raċfaiḋ éagcaoin do ċláirsiġ ṫar muir a's ṫar tír,
'S do ṫiaġrnaiḋ, aig teannaḋ na slabraiḋe do d' ċlaoiḋ,
Silfiḋ deora na truaiġe le teann ḃriste croiḋe.

SGALA LÍON DO'N ṀNAOI.

Fonn—Heiġ, h-óġ!

I.

Sgála líon do'n ṁnaoi
  D'a d-tug an bard gean mór,
An óiġ do ċeol ṫug gnaoi
  Naċ d-taḃrfaḋ coiḋċe d' ór.
'O! rinneaḋ croiḋe mná sáiṁ'
  Do laṁaiḃ filiḋ grinn
Faoi ṁearaiḃ neaċ gan dáiṁ
  Ni ḃiḋeann se leaṫ ċo binn.
    Sgála líon do'n mnaoi, etc.

II.

Ċeistiġ Grean a's Sóġ
  An Deise, aig glaine 'tiġe:
"Ḃ-fuil beallaċ 'steaċ,—cia do?"
  "D' ar treise", ḟreagair sí.
D' ionnsuiġ an glaine an t-'Or,
  Gan féidm le n 'oċair ḃuiḋe,
Ḃ' Fearr ḟruṫeaḋ an Grean go mór
  'Le a liaġ-ġeal 'ġearraḋ ṫríḋ
    Sgála líon, do'n mnaoi, etc.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—*Heigh, ho!*

I.

Drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone,
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here 's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song,
What gold could never buy.

II.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked her, "Which might pass?"
She answer'd, "He, who could".
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 't would not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here 's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

III.

An gean 'ḃiḋeas sior a' tnu,
Le tiġṫe saiḃris ṁoir,
Is saṁuil e le cnúṁ
Dal ṡios a g-clairiḃ óir;
Aċt ṡuas do coṁnuiġeas gráḋ
An ḃaird measg reulta geal
Ci congḃuiġeann é gean mná
Air talaṁ air feaḋ Seall
Sgála lion do'n mnaoi, etc.

ROIṀ AN COGAḊ.

Fonn—Riġ-bean na Siġe.

I.

Dar an dóiġ-ċroiḋe, a tá aig foilsiúġaḋ
Dúinn-ne a máraċ brúṫ an ġleo;
Dar aġaiḋ na gréine, ḃeiḋeas aig soilsiuġaḋ
Orainn, faon, no buaḋaċ, beo;
O! is fíor gur niḋ naċ fiú,
Ḃeiṫ beo, mar ḋaor-neaċ, gan aon ċliú—
Mar an ġrian aig claonaḋ lae,
Téiḋeann an laoċ ċum suain 's an g-cré
Lár trom-ġola ṫreaḃ go leor:
'S beannuiġṫe an té air ḃruaċ an t-saoġail,
M-ḃíḋeann d'a ḃeoḋaḋan smigiḋ gaoil,
D'a ṡoilsiuġaḋ sios tre gleann na n-deor:
Aċt ó! naċ breáġ do ṫéiḋid ċum sgíṫ,
A ḃíḋeann air uċt na ḃuaḋa 'nn a luiḋe.

II.

Os cinn na n-eiḃleog, deir an ċaṫ',
Iompuiġeann leaca an náṁad bán,
Trá do ċuiṁníġeann air an maġ,
Ann ar ṫuit faoi neull a ġlóir ḃí lán—

III.

The love that seeks a home
  Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
  That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
  Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home 's above,
  Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
  Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
  What gold could never buy.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—*The Fairy Queen.*

I.

By the hope within us springing,
  Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
  Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
  Like the day-star in the wave
  Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
  Happy is he o'er whose decline
  The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
  But oh! how blest they sink to rest,
  Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers,
  Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
  Where we tam'd his tyrant might!

An slaḃra d'ḟásgaḋ arís go deo,
Do ḃriseamar, na léigiḋe ḋó
  Eisd, tá an t-aḋarc roiṁ oiḋċe aig blaoḋaċ
  Go h-árd ċum briste air gaċ laoċ—
Líontar suas an ċuaċ go ceann;
  Is iomḋa neaċ anois treun, roiṁ oiḋċe,
  Ḃeiḋeas euġṫa air an ḃ-faiṫ 'nn a luiḋe,
'S naċ n-dúisgfaiḋ gáir na buaiḋe teann';
  Aċt ó! naċ beannuiġṫe bás an luain,
  A ṫéiḋeas le gol an t-saoġail ċum suain.

ṪUIT AIR AN M-BUAḊARG SLAM NA H-OIḊĊE.

Fonn—D' uċt ḟionn.

I.

Ṫuit air an m-buaḋarg slám na h-oiḋċe,
  Agus d'ḟoilsiġ teinteaċ bár na m-beann,
'Nn a raiḃ laoċra treun' s an ár 'nna luiḋe,
  'S ar ḟan díoḃ beo, neaṁ-eaglaċ, fann!
Naċ boċt an sgeul, tuar briste croiḋe!
  Sár-ḋóiġ gaisgiḋeaċ beiṫ faoi lár—
D'éis caill, a's creaċ gaċ uile níḋ
  Aċt beaṫa aṁain a's cliu 's an ár.

II.

Buḋ ṁall 's buḋ trom ḃi teaċt an trá,
  A d'ḟair na fir le imníḋe cruaiḋ,
Go soilseoċaḋ orrṫa arís an lá,
  'Nn a ḃ-fuiġfeaḋ go cinte bás no buaiḋ:
Ta saoġal, naċ m-biḋeann an fóirne daor,
  Naċ g-cleaċtann geur-ḟlat tíġearnaiḋ dian;
Má s bearna an bás ċum an t-saoġail úd saor,
  Mo ṫruaiġe do 'n sglaḃaiḋe beo faoi leun.

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound—
But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Air—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

I.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour 's lost?

II.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There 's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

D'ÉIS FAD-SIÚḂAIL TRÍ SAOĠAL CRUAIḊ, CAM.

Fonn—Bruaċa na Banna.

I.

D'éis fad-siúḃail trí saoġal cruaiḋ cam,
'Gur caill' ar g-cáirde, céime 's meas'
Is áil linn ceol, le 'r éist 'san am,
Raiḃ fós gaċ níḋ fa snuaḋ 's fa snás.
O! naċ fáilteaṁail fuaim gaċ rinn,
Dúsaċt smuainte, ċuaiḋ faoi ṫaṁ
'S aig lasaḋ le n-a gaeṫiḃ binn'
Smigeaḋ a suiliḃ ḃí faoi slám.

II.

Mar gaeṫe aig téaċt trí fasaċ bláṫ,
'N oir ó ċrícíḃ grianṁar' teo,
Ḃiḋeas an ceol, do cluinfiḋe, trá
Raiḃ teagar againn, seun a's sóġ:
D'éis gaċ bláṫ ḃeiṫ críon 'nna luiḋe
Ḃiḋeann a ḃalaḋ beo air an gaoṫ go fóill;
Mar súd, d'éis eug, do'n t-siansa 'coiḋċe,
Tig a ṫais' arís air gaeṫiḃ ceoil.

III.

A g-coṁeas ceoil tá beurla fann
'S an teanga is tuiltiġe fós gan ḃriġ!
Ni'l aċt droiḋeaċt ceolṁar rann
Foilsiġeas smuainte a's rún an ċroiḋe.
Ḃiḋeann focla cáirdis de ġliocas lán,
Is breugaiġ fós iad briaṫara an ġráḋa;
Ni'l aċt gaeṫe ceolta dán,
Ḃeir ciúnas síos gan feall, gan cráḋ.

ON MUSIC.

Air—*The Banks of Banna.*

I.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

II.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

III.

Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign;
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 't is only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

NÍ LEIS NA DEORAIḂ, DO SILTEAR SA TRÁ.

Fonn—Na sé Piġin.

I.

Ni leis na deoraiḃ, do siltear sa tra,
A síntear é a g-cré na h-uaiṁe,
Taisbeantar teas agus téagar ar n-gráḋa,
No doiṁneas dorċa ar g-cúṁa:
Aċt le deoraiḃ aig teaċt go síor-fras o'n g-croiḋe,
Foilsiġṫear gur buan ar smuainte
Air an m-bás, a scap dúḃan air aoiḃneas ar m-biṫ,
D'ar ḃ-fágail mar deoraiḋṫe claoiḋte.

II.

Có-ḟad a's ḃeiḋeas a ḃeaṫa glas ann ar g-croiḋe,
A's a ḃás, mar is dual, 'g a ċaoineaḋ,
Beiḋ a ḃeusa mar lóċrann sgeiṫ soluis air ar sliġe
'Gus ar d-toil ċum gaċ maiṫeasa aig claonaḋ—
Mar an deaġ-ḃalaḋ taiṫneaṁaċ, ḃeireas an fuiġeall,
Do'n úir, a m-biḋean Naoṁ ann sinte,
Beiḋ a ċáiliḋeaċt ann ar g-cuiṁne gaċ lá d'ar saoġal
'S ar g-croiḋe le n·a ioṁáiġ, lionta.

GÍḊ 'S TROM SLÁM AR M-BUAḊARṪA.

Fonn—La Féile Naoiṁ Patraic.

I.

Gíḋ 's trom slám ar m-buaḋarṫa, ní aireóċam' an iuḋ é,
Béiḋ ar n-gáirdeas trí ḋeóra mar ġaṫ gréine a síon,
Nior cruṫuiġéaḋ riaṁ croiḋṫe, mar m-beiḋeaḋ cruas air riġṫe,
Buḋ cumannaiġe beusa 's buḋ téagaraiġe claon!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

Air—*The Sixpence.*

I.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that 's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'T is the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'T is life's whole path o'ershaded;
'T is the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

II.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

Air—*Saint Patrick's Day.*

I.

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers,
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.

Aċt, faraor! sa trá,
A n-úruiġeann an bláṫ,
Aig falaċ na slabraiḋe, a ċráḋ sinn go teann;
Bíḋeann aig fásgaḋ gan sgiṫ
Lúb eile air ar g-croiḋe,
Tá ar suarcas, mar ṡolus aig mol-ċinn na cruinne,
Sgáil Lóċrainn lár dúḃain, ro ġeal lé ḃeiṫ buan,
'S dá m-b'e an eiḃleóg déiġionaċ air lá so na luinne,
Corróċaiḋ féile naoiṁ Pátruic é as a ṡuan.

II.

Mo ġráine air do loċtóiriḋ breugaċ', neaṁ-ṡaoiṫeaṁla;
Giḋ gars lé d' náṁaid, lé d' ċaraid táir fíor,
'S ní'l urram ċo taiṫneaṁaċ do neaċ air biṫ ríġaṁail,
Lé cumann ó'n g-croiḋe, le ar ail a ḃeiṫ saor.
Trá ḃeiḋeaḋ luċt slaḋṫa do ċliú
Is do ċeirt, tá leis dluṫ,
Mar ċlaḋairiḋ aig teiṫeaḋ ó ḃorb-ṫeas an gleó,
Ḃeiḋeaḋ do ġlas-ḃrat ó'n g-crann
Ard sgaoilte go teann.
Ḋar mo ḋeas-láṁ! da n-glaoḋḟaiḋe anois ṫú ċum caṫa,
Do ṫraoṫfaḋ an ḟearg ann do ċroiḋe stiġ go ḃeó;
Is ḃeiḋeaḋ lorg ríġe Eireann go trom air do ṁaġaiḃ,
Aig treasgairt na náṁ a's 'g a síneaḋ a g-cró

III.

Gráḋuiġeann sé a glas-tír le gean, tá mar leaċta
Go doiṁin a g-croiḋṫiḃ, fuair casgairt 's cráḋ;
'S béiḋ a ċoinġioll 's a ċumann faoi ċaoiṁṫeaċt cóir reaċta
'S béiḋ aoibneas Eireann go fóill fá ḃláṫ
Air a ġ-cloċ-seoide cruaiḋ
Ḃeir síor-ḃuilliḋ buaiḋ,
Aċt ní ċruailliġeann an lannair, tá stiġ lasta beó;
Do'n ċloiċ d'éis a brúġaḋ,
Ḃeir an sgealpog is luġa
A Lóċrann: is, Eirinn, giḋ briste faoi ċreaċtaiḃ,
Tá teiṫ-splanc taoḃ stiġ díot, naċ muċfar go deo,
A ḃeoḋuiġeas gaċ ball, taḃairt dó, luṫ a's eaċta
'S ḃeir air ḟéile Naoiṁ Pátruic dúinn gáirdeas a's sóġ.

But just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay:
But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day,

II.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The standard of Green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You 'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke
But nothing can cloud its native ray.
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,—
And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There 's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

GUILIḊ, GUILIḊ.

Fonn—Aḃran an ḃróin.

I.

Guiliḋ, guiliḋ deóra a sruṫ,
Cuaiḋ ḃur n-am ṫart mar ċeó ;
Tá ḃur m-baill gan lúṫ ó ċuiḃriġ tiuġ'
'S ni ḃéiḋ ḃur ḃ-fir níos mó !
Buḋ díoṁaoin gairge laoċra teann
Buḋ díoṁaoin cóṁairle ciallṁar saoi:
'S gaċ áit d'a múċtar saoirse ann,
Ní lasann arís a ċoiḋċe.

II.

Guiliḋ: go fóill do déanfar ceart,
Le staraiḃ Innse Fáil
'S air iomad eáċt do ḟoillseóċar cairt,
Tá anois faoi smúid dúiḃ cáil'
'S aig siúḃal doiḃ tír, do ḟágaḋ bán,
Ḃ-fuil an t-orc 's an tráill 'sa n-uaiṁ,
Cia an dóiġ, le íongnaḋ ḟiafróċar, lan,
Ḃ-fuáir díoġa air sgaiṫ, riaṁ buaiḋ?

III.

"Is cineaṁain ċruaiḋ (beiḋid 'g a luaḋ),
Rinne oige ḃur n-impir a ḋealḃ:
'S nuair ḃí ḃur náṁ dlúṫ, teann a ḃ-fuaṫ,
Níor ġlac gráḋ oraiḃ sealḃ:
Aċt d'ḟuaruiġ croiḋṫe buḋ dual ḃeiṫ teiṫ,
Aig truailliuġaḋ Dé na m-beannaċt,
'S air ċill, do ṫaṫuiġ roinn fá leiṫ,
Do ṫaorg róinn eile mallaċt".

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Air—*The Song of Sorrow.*

I.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
  Your dreams of pride are o'er:
The fatal chain is round you cast,
  And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
  The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain:—
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
  It never lights again.

II.

Weep on: perhaps in after days
  They 'll learn to love your name:
When many a deed may wake in praise
  That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
  Where rest, at length, both lord and slave,
They 'll wondering ask how hands so vile
  Could conquer hearts so brave?

III.

"'T was fate", they 'll say, "a wayward fate,
  Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
  You never joined in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
  And man profan'd what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
  Where others knelt to heaven".

SINSIORAĊT AN ĊLAIRSIĠ.

Fonn—Gang Fane.

I.

Ta iomraḋ gur suiriḋ do ċoṁnuiġ fa 'n toinn,
Do ḃi anns an g-cruit so 'nois duisiġim go binn,
Ḃiḋeaḋ aig eulóġaḋ o' n ṁuir geal le linn teaċt na h-oiḋċe,
Cum na tráiġe aig óglaċ air a raiḃ aici gnaoi.

II.

Aċt buḋ dimaoin a cúram, óir d' ḟag i gaċ oíḋċe,
Aig tomaḋ ann a deoraiḃ a folt Fáineaċ, buiḋe;
Gur ḋearc neaṁ le truaiġe air ḟuiriḋ na d-tonn,
Dí déanaḋ 'nna cláirseaċ so saṁ taḃ'rt fonn.

III.

Buḋ deas fós a h-uċt, as air 'gruaiḋ snoḋ do las,
'S máise trillseaċ na mara, air a cum ṫart do ċas
'Gus a folt silt na n-deor le raiḃ taisleaċ o 'n t-sruṫ
Tuit a nuas air an g-clár, déanaḋ teud' na m-binn-guṫ.

IV.

Ann aonḟeaċt go g-cluistear, o'n g-clairseaċ, so an faṫ,
Fuaim measgṫa cumaoin 'gus cuṁa sa' trá,
Go n-dearnis d 'a n-dealḃuġaḋ ó ċeile dá roinn
Ceol géantraċ, is me garr duit;—'s me a g-cian,—guiltreaċ, binn.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

Air—*Gage Fane.*

I.

'T is believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

II.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While the sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her light form it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

IV.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I 'm near thee, and grief when away!

A n-gleann an Dub-loca 's le n-a taob.

Fonn—An Cailin donn Eirionnaċ.

I.

A n-gleann an Ḋuḃ-Loċa 's le n-a ṫaoḃ,
'N áit nár ṡeinn fuiseog fós a riaṁ,
Air ḃár árd aille, os cionn an ċuain,
Ċuaiḋ naoṁ Caoiṁġein óg ċum suain.
" An ḃean, tá air mo ṫóir, ní ḃ-fuiġiḋ
" An áit so, m-béiḋ me, feasd' mo luiḋe".
Faraor! is beag do ṫuig sa trá
Sé cluain a's cleasa ṁealltoċ' mná.

II.

Sí Cáit óg, na n-gorm-súl,
A ċuir air teiṫeaḋ, é, 's ċum siuḃal;
Ḃuḋ ḃuan a gráḋ. 's níor ċoir léi é,
A ḃeiṫ 'nna céile aig giolla Ḋé.
Cia air biṫ áit ar ġluais an naoṁ,
Ċluin sé a coiscéim le n-a ṫaoḃ;
Téiḋeaḋ soir no siar, de ló, nó d'oiḋċe
Casfaiḋ a súil leis annsa t-sliġe.

III.

Air bár na creige anois 'nn a luiḋé,
Téiḋ se ċum suaiṁnis a's ċum sgíṫ.
Aig smuaineaḋ air neaṁ, gan cás, gan cráḋ
Fá ḃeiṫ ó ċaṫuġaḋ mná faoi sgáṫ.
Aċt níl aon ċlúid, no cláis, faraor!
O ġaeṫiḃ mná, tá ceanaṁail, saor:
Ḟad tá 'nn a ċodlaḋ feuċ 'sa trá
Cáit aig silt na n-deor lé gráḋ.

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

AIR—*The brown Irish girl.*

I.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least", he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed".
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What the wily sex can do.

II.

'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong,
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of Heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heav'n is free
From her power, if fond she be.
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Gan eagla gáḋa tri creaga gorg',
Go cuas na h-aille lean si a lorg,
Is 'nuair do ḋealruiġ bán an lae,
D' ḟoilsiġ sgéiṁ a dreaċ 's a gné.
Is cruaiḋ an croiḋe, a tá aig na naoiṁ;
'Oir d'eis a h-airiuġaḋ le n-a ṫaob,
Do leim go deifreaċ ó n-a ḟáṁ.
Is ċeilg le fánaḋ í, sa t-snáṁ.

V.

A lár do linne, a Ġleann-dá-loċ,
Ṫuit Cáit lé glasaḋ an lae go moċ.
Do ṁaoḋam go mall é truaiġe do 'n ṁnaoi,
A d'eug tre grāḋ 's tre seaċmall croiḋe—
Tra ġuiḋ d'a h-anam beaṫa ṡuṫain,
Do cloiseaḋ ceol air ḟad an ċuain,
Le a raiḃ na cnoic 's na gleanta binn,
'Nuair a d'eiriġ a taise geal ó'n tuinn.

ṪUIT LANN LONNRAĊ EIREANN.

Fonn—Cruaċán na Féine.

I.

Ṫuit lann lonnraċ Eireann le buillíḋe luaṫa, geur-tiuġ'
Air an té, ḃraiṫ clann Uisniġ a's ḃris geallaḋ an riġ:
'S ní lia braon goirt gola, a falcaḋ ó'n ḃ-feall duḃ,
'Ná sgárdfar air a cloiḋeaṁ ó ṡruṫ fola a ċroiḋe.

II.

Dar an dearg-slám, ḃí os cionn lann-duḃ Cancoḃair aig síneaḋ,'
'Nuair ḃí trí laoċra Ulaiḋ a leaba fola faoi ṡuan:
Dar na treun-tonna caṫa aig borraḋ 's aig líonaḋ
A ṡeól na gaisgiḋiġ go buaḋac, 's go treisaṁail ċum cuain.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurl'd her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR—*Crochan of the Irish Fenii or Militia.*

I.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
  On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd—
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
  A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
  When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
  Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

III.

Móidiġmuid cúitiuġaḋ: ó ṡians' ḃíḋmuid falaṁ:
  Bíḋeaḋ an óiġ gan céile, bíḋeaḋ an ċrut gan ceol, fann;
Bíḋeaḋ an teallaċ gan suarcas, 's gan saoṫruġaḋ an talaṁ;
  Go g-cárnṫar trom-ḋioġaltas anuas air a ċeann.

IV.

A Ríġ! gíḋ gur milis ar m-baile do ṁeaḃrúġaḋ;
  Gíḋ gur taiṫneaṁaċ na deora do siltear le dáiṁ:
Gíḋ gur aoibin gaċ gean air luċt cárdais a's caḃra,
  Le díoġaltas air dian-olc ní 'l aon niḋ ċó sáiṁ.

TÁ AN SAOĠAL SO LÉIR-ṀEASĠTA.

Fonn—Dual na b-feaḋ glas.

I.

Tá an saoġal so léir-ṁeasgṫa le buaiḋreaḋ 's le sog
  A ruaigeas a ċéile mar ṫonna na fraiġ':
'S ar súile, aig silt deor, no le gáirdeaċas beo,
  Mar na toinn, ṫig go duḃ, no go lonnraċ air tráiġ:
Bíḋeann ar g-cleasa aig teaċt d'éis ar n-anró ċo tiúġ
  Go g-cluintear an gáiré roiṁ trimuġaḋ na súl;
'S ní luaiṫe do siltear an braon truaiġe le bruṫ
  'Ná ċumaileann é, cleite na baoise air siúḃal,
Aċt sud ort: ní ḟanfaiḋ aon ḃlas air an t-saoġal,
  Le ceannaiḃ síor-ċríonna,'s le croiḋṫiḃ síor-ḃeo,
Air ar g-crann, bíḋeaḋ an lag-ḃrón tá le gáirdeas a n-gaol
  'S an luinne biṫeas loinnreaċ, geárr-ḟaoġlaċ go deo.

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes.*

I.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep—
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

II.

'Nuair a cuireaḋ an t-oglaċ le soiġteaċ ċum sruṫ',
Trí maġa glas' grianṁar', gan brón air a ċroiḋe;
Do b' aeraċ a ṡúile agus b' aluinn a ċruṫ,
'N áit ḋualgais, aig cruinniuġaḋ na m-bláṫ air an t-sliġe.
Mar súd tá, mar me, dream d'ár ḋual dóib líonaḋ
As sruṫ an ḟíor-eoluis, tá líonṁar, neaṁ-ġan,
Tiomsiúġaḋ na m-bláṫ, ċaiṫ an lá fada aig síneaḋ
A láiṁe: 's a soiṫeaċ gan braon air biṫ ann.
Aċt súd ort! 'nuair cruinniġeas an díoṁaoineas bláṫ
Lé cróin-ḟleasg a ḋealḃ, ma ṫuiteann aon ḃraon
'O ṫobar na h-eágna air ḋuilleog sa trá,
Go cinte, béiḋ sásta, gan ceasaċt, mo ṁian.

TRÍḊ INNIS FÁIL.

Fonn—Aiblín Crócar.

I.

Tríḋ Innis-fáil,
Aig rinceaḋ 'n 'dáil
Trá ġluais gráḋ 'gus gaisge
'Gus síġ 'n ġrinn ġéir
Siuḃal leo 'sa ḃ-feur
'Sceiṫ gaeṫe ó n-a ṫaisge
Air feaḋ na sliġe
Tig feur tri-ḋlaoiġe
Faoi ḋruċta dealra, falcuiġṫe
'Gus é ċo glas
Le Smarog deas
Tríḋ scáṫán crístil calcuiġṫe
An t-seamróg, tá glas síor-ḃuan an t-seamróg!
De ḋuilleóg sgaiṫ,
Aig file 's flaiṫ,
Fás Eire' aṁáin an t-seamróg!

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
  Thro' fields full of light, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
  And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
  The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
  And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
  These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
  From her fountain divine, 't is sufficient for me.

OH! THE SHAMROCK!

Air—*The Shamrock.*

I.

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

II.

Aig gaisge, aig ráḋ,
"'S dam tá faoi ḃláṫ,
"Na seoiḋe maiḋne craoḃaṁail',
"Ni h-aṁla tá",
Do ḟreagair gráḋ,
"Le m' ḟearan-s' an dil' aoiḃeaṁail";
Aċt ḋearc 'sa ḃ-feur
Trí dlaoiġ 'n t-síġ ġeur,
Gur' ġair air feaḋ na spéire:
"Na sgoiltíḋ an bláṫ,
"Ta 'r triúr mar scáṫ,
"Gráḋ, gaisge 's grean na h-Eire!"
O an t-seamróg, ta glas, sír-ḃúan, an t-seamróg!
De ḋuilleog sgaiṫ,
Aig file 's flaiṫ,
Fás Eire aṁáin an t-seamróg!

III.

Co dílis, fíor,
Bíḋeaḋ teann go síor
An ċuing an lá úd 'ċeanġail,
'S air eite an ġaiṫ,
Na tuiteaḋ daṫ,
An domḃlais, nó a ḟaṁail!
Glanaḋ do h-eug,
An gráḋ drís breug,
O an ngort tá faoi n a ṁaorsaċt,
'S ná tóigeaḋ go deo,
A ḃrat sa ngleo,
Gaisge 'n agaiḋ na saorsaċt':
O an t-seamróg, ta glas, sin-ḃuan, an t-seamróg!
De ḋuilleog sgaiṫ,
Aig file 's flaiṫ,
Fás Eire' aṁáin an t-seamróg!

II.

Says Valour, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
"For me they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning".
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
"A type that blends
"Three godlike friends,
"Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

III.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AON ĊUAĊOG AṀÁIN AIG AN DORAS.

Fonn—Mol Ruaḋ na maidne.

I.

Aon ċuaċog aṁáin áig an doras
  D'eis an iomad ċuaiḋ ṫart air an g-clár,
'S an ċuaċ is mo cúṁa, gan foras
  Is dual fós a líonaḋ go bárr.
Ta súarcas mor-ṡiansaṁail an t-saoġail so
  Co mál a's ċo trom 'teaċt cum ċinn,
Naċ n' airiġṫear aċt 'n-eis a ḋul síos do
  An t-aoibneas bí lé n-a linn:
Aċt de ṁóméid mar súd bíḋeaḋ ar m-beaṫa
  'Ga ḋealbaḋ go tiuġ, dlúṫ go leór,
Do ṫig as uċt sians' lé luas raṫa,
  'Gur éagas 's a g-cuaċ a lár deor.

II.

Aig siúbal ḋuinn air aġaiḋ, naċ claonṁar,
  Geárr sċíṫ do ġlacaḋ 'sa' tra,
Air báinseaċ mar so áluinn grianṁar,
  Ḃíḋeas lár o'n tor-ḟáraiġ faoi ḃláṫ.
Aċt deifriġ, ḃíḋeann am 'ḃlaoḋaċ a ċoiḋċe,
  Geur ġreadaḋ na n-uaire gan sċíṫ,
Sé 's samail dó airdeas na gaoiṫe,
  'Nuair a measg bláṫ ḃíḋeas a ḟlíġ.
Aċt de ṁóméid mar sud biḋeaḋ ar m-beaṫa
  'Ga ḋealbaḋ go tiuġ dluṫ go leór,
Do ṫig as uċt sians' le luas raṫa,
  'Gur éagas 's a g-cuaċ a láir deor.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

Air—*Moll Roe in the morning.*

I.

One bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah, never doth time time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

III.

Naċ soilseaċ do ḃí an ġrian aig claonaḋ
  Naċ dealraċ do ḋearc an ṁuir faoi?
Mar súd, 's dúal gaċ ḟleaḋ aig faonaḋ,
  Ḃeiṫ mar réalt an lae dul 'nna luiḋe.
Do ċonnairc mar ċríoċnuiġ se airdear,
  Aig téilgan a ġaeṫe faoi ṫonn,
'S a lán ċuaiċ mar súd lonnraċ bairsear
  Roiṁ scáraḋ ar g-cruinnuġaḋ le fonn
Aċt de ṁóméid mar súd briḋeaḋ ar m-beaṫa
  'G a dealbaḋ go tiuġ dlúṫ go leór,
Do ṫig as uċt sians' le luas raṫa,
  'Gur eugas 's a g-cuaċ a lár deor.

TÁ RÓS DEIĠIONAĊ AN T-SAṀRAIḊ.

Fonn—Coillte blárna.

I.

Tá rós déiġionaċ an t-saṁraiḋ leis féin air an g-craoḃ,
D'eis a ċoṁluċt na sgeiṁe ḃeiṫ eugta air gaċ taoḃ:
Gan aon rós aṁáin gaolṁar, gan bláṫ, le a ḃ-fuil dáiṁ,
Le lasaḋ, no osnaḋ ṫabairt air ais dó, go sáiṁ.

II.

Ní ḟágfad leat féin ṫú lé meaḋaḋ air an geug,
Gan do ṫeilgean a ċodlaḋ meásg do ġaolta go h-eug:
'Náit a m-béiḋir feasda gaċ lá a's gaċ oiḋċe,
Leis na rósaiḃ gan bláṫ a's gan balaḋ do luiḋe

III.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finished, by darting
His beam o'er a dark billow's brim—
So, fill up, let 's shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Air—*The Groves of Blarney.*

I.

'T is the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

II.

I 'll not leave thee thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

III.

Mar súd is dúal imṫeaċt, 'nuair a ċríonas an gráḋ,
'S 'nuair euluiġeas ó na seóidiḃ an sgéiṁ a's an bláṫ;
'Nuair a claoiḋtear na croiḋṫe, scar suarcas a's seun,
Cia ḃeiḋeaḋ, mar ċaḋan aonaraċ sa t-saoġal so leis féin.

OG-LAOĊ NA RANN.

Fonn—Mórín.

I.

Do ṫriall ċum caṫa óg-laoċ na rann,
Lár námaid Eireann ársaiġe;
Lann aṫar fáirsgṫe air go teann,
Ann aoinḟeaċt le n-a ċláirsiġ.
A ṫír na n-dán! deir an laoċ-ċeoil grinn,
Da m-beiḋeaḋ an saoġal do d' ḋaoraḋ,
Tá aon ċruit aṁáin le do ṁolaḋ go binn,
'S aon lann aṁáin le do ḟaoraḋ.

II.

Do ṫuit an bárd! aċt má ṫuit, go fóill
Ḃí a ċroiḋe neaṁ-eaglaċ, treunṁar;
A's raob se teuda cláirsiġe an ċeoil,
Do scuab sé, an trá ḃí seunṁar:
A's dúḃairt, "Ní ṁillfiḋ cuing do ġuṫ,
"A ċruit ċaoin na ḃ-feaṫ saora;
"Is ni cluinfear go h-eug do lán ḃinn-sruṫ,
"Lár bruide a's bróin na tíre".

III.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR—*Moreen.*

I.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery!"

B' aoiḃinn an gleann, ḃí roṁam sínte.

Fonn—Cailín deas crútaḋ na m-bó.

I.

B' aoiḃinn an gleann ḃí róṁam sínte,
Ann ar ḟág me mo ċéile 's mo ġráḋ
Is ḃí mé le roiṁ a' imníḋe líonta,
D' ḟág m' aigne faoi smúid a's faoi sgáṫ.
Ṫóruiġ mé an leus, do ġeall m' aon-searc,
Do lasaḋ, le mo ḟoilsuġaḋ 'sa t-sliġe,
Aċt buḋ díoṁaoin, neaṁ-ḟéimaṁail mo ġeur-ḋearc.
Le linn tromaċain neulta na h-oiḋċe.

II.

Ḃí a seompa a d'ionsuiġeas gan tionol,
Co uaigneaċ mar uaiṁ, aċt mo ċráḋ!
Naċ sínte sa n-uaiṁ ḃí an ḃruinneall,
'N áit euluiġṫe go náireaċ 'sa trá.
Ḃí an ċruit ċeólṁar croċtá air an m-balla,
Le a m-breugsaḋ mo ḃrón, an ḃean óg,
Aċt an láṁ, a sgeiṫ a ceól ṫríd an ṫalla,
Tá aig criṫ aig a g-coigríġeaċ faoi ṗóg.

III.

Ḃí am ann, a ċeile ċam, ċluaineaċ,
Dá n-déanfaiḋe an siorma buḋ lúġa,
Aig cur do leiṫ cáiliḋeaċta luaineaċ',
Léimfeaḋ lann d' fir a cosaint do ċlú:
Aċt anois, a ḃean na d-táir-sgeul 's na n-dánta,
Is truailliġe 's is tarcuisniġe cáil,
Beirféar leór-ċúitiúġaḋ trom ann do ċáinte,
Tre ċreaċ a's tré ċráḋ Inse-fáil.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

AIR—*The pretty girl milking her cow.*

I.

The valley lay smiling before me
  Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
  That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
  Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
  No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

II.

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely,
  As if the lov'd tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only,
  But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
  My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had wak'd it so often
  Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
  When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
  Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought!*
While now—O degenerate daughter
  Of Erin! how fall'n is thy fame!
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
  Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Ta ċeana airṫi an ṁallaċt gan falaċ;
Tá na coigriġ' is brúideaṁla toil,
Déanaḋ sgrios air ċríċ Fódla go ballaċ,
Tá á h-úr-ġleannta dearg le fuil.
Aċt forsglaiḋ an glas-ṁeirge ann áirde,
Bíḋeaḋ fuilteaċ go láṁ fuar gaċ lann,
Tá linn-ne ceart, Eire, 's ar g-cáirde,
An aġaiḋ eagcór' na Sasanaċ teann.

MO ṠLÁN LIḂ! AĊT TRÁ ḂEIḊIḊ.

Fonn—Moll Rún

I.

Mo ṡlán liḃ! aċt trá ḃéiḋiḋ aig failtiúġaḋ na h-oiḋċe,
Do ḋúsgas binn-ċeolta 'gur suarcas measg saoi
Na dearmadaiḋe an ċaraid, biḋeaḋ aig cur orra bunn
'S neaṁ-ṡuimaṁail ann gaċ brón, 'nna ṡuiḋe liḃ lé fonn.
Fillfiḋ sír gan aṁras a ḃrón', agus ní ḃéiḋ
De'n árd-ṁuiníġin a ḃreug é, aon leaċta 'nna ḋiaiġ,
Aċt ní silfaiḋ as a ċuiṁne, de oiḋċe no de lá,
Gur ṫóg siḃ ḋe sa n-am sin, gaċ brón agus gaċ cráḋ.

II

Le linn teaċt na h-oiḋċe úd siansaṁla, 'nna a m-bíḋeann
Gaċ croiḋe lán de ṡeun, a's gaċ cuaċ lán de ḟion,
Má's dorċa no lonnraċ ḃéiḋeas mo ṡiúḃal anns a t-sliġe,
Ḃéiḋead liḃ, a ċáirde, a n-intinn 's a g-croiḋe.
Ann ḃur n-greann a's ḃur súgaiġil béiḋ agam roinn
Agus m' aigne aig éisteaċt le ḃur g-ceoltaiḃ go binn;
Is aoiḃinn, ma ḃíḋeann aon de na flaṫaiḃ le fáġail,
A déirfeas, "Is truaġ gan é againn anns a' dáil".

IV.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward !—the green banner rearing,
Go flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

FAREWELL !—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

I.

Farewell !—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain :
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, " I wish he were here !"

III.

'N aiṁḋeoin gaċ dó-ḃeirt d'a n-imreann an saoġal,
Bíḋeann d'éis na séine, taise geal a's fuiġeall,
Do ċíḋṫear lár bróin agus imníḋe na h-oiḋċe
'Eidiġṫe leis an sgeiṁ air a deáġ-ġnúis do ḃí.
Go m-buḋ buan leis an g-cuiṁne so do líonfar mo ċroiḋe,
Mar an soiṫeaċ m-bíḋeann súṫ rós d'a ṡilt ann, a's bríġ,
Má bristar é 's má brúiġtaer, go n-déantar dé spréiḋ,
Béiḋ balaḋ bréaġ na rós, air gaċ roinn de'n t-soiṫeaċ cré.

A cuiṁne leat Eiḃlín, seod 's sgaiṫ óige.

Fonn—Da m-buḋ Cléireaċ me.

I.

A cuiṁne leat Eiḃlín, seod 's sgaiṫ óige
Ar m-baile, d' ḟan suairc agus sáiṁ faoi scaṫ
'Nuair do ṫóruiġ Uilliam eiltreaċ mar ċéile í,
'S ḃí a d-teaċín faoi ċuimirc riaġaltais gráḋ.

II.

Ḃí aig saoṫruġaḋ a n-aoinḟeaċt faoi ḃáisteaċ a's sian,
'Gus duḃairt Uilliam sa ḋeoiġ lé duḃ-ḃrón croiḋe:
“A n-ait eile tóroġmuid táinte 'gus díon”,
Gús ṫriall sí ó' m-baile aig osnaiġeal 'sa t-sliġe.

III.

Buḋ fada 's buḋ tuirseaċ aig siúḃal do ḃí,
'Gus aigne na h-óiġe le imníḋ fann;
'Nuair aig claonaḋ lae doiminn, ḃí garḃ lé gaoṫ,
Súd air aṁarc, lann flaṫaṁail a lár na g-crann.

III.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

Air—*Were I a clerk.*

I.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
  How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
  And love was the light of their lowly cot.

II.

Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
  Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains";
  Then, sighing she left her lowly shed.

III.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
  Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
  They see a proud castle among the trees.

IV.

"Ann so", air an t-og-ḟear "glacamuid scíṫ,
"Tá an oiḋċe mall 'gus an gaoṫ teann":
Do ḟéid se an t-aḋarc le iomċar árd-saoi,
'S d' uṁluiġ, aig dul steaċ ḋó, an doirseoir a ċeann.

V.

"D' ḟáilte, bean uasail", do ġáir an saoi,
"'S leat an ċoill a's an dún so, 's gaċ niḋ tá ann,
As báiniḋ, ṁear briaṫra, a raib annta bríġ,
'Oir sí Eiblín bean tiġearna Ros na lann.

VI.

'S air a ċéile tá síor-ċeanaṁail 's gráḋaċ an luan,
D'iarr Uilliam an t-eiltreaċ 's do ṗós mar ṁnaoi,
Sa a lár na g-crann tiġearnaṁail tá téagraċ, buan,
Mar 's an teaċín ó—ar tóigeaḋ tá' ġnaoí.

do ġuilfinn muiniġin ṁealltaċ.

Fonn—An cran-rósa.

I.

Do ġuilfinn muiniġin ṁealltaċ,
Da d-tréigfeá-sa me, a ġráḋ;
Do ċaoinfinn caraid ḟealltaċ',
Da b-feallfá-sa orm 'san trá.
Aċt ḟad a's tá do bláḋ-dearc
Aig soilsiúġaḋ air mo ḟliġe go buan,
Ní béiḋ brón orm, a ċeud-searc,
Naċ g-cuirfiḋ tu go síor faoi ḟuan.

IV.

"To-night", said the youth, "we 'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late":
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

V.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him craz'd, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!

VI.

And dearly the lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I 'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Air—*The Rose tree.*

I.

I 'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I 'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I 've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

II.

Ní 'l anns an t-saoġal go h-uile,
  Mo ċráḋaḋ, agus tú ḃeiṫ liom;
Tá aoiḃneas gan dile,
  'S gan ruin leat 'nna ḃuaiḋréaḋ ṫrom:
B'ḟearr an aisling 's breugaiġe,
  'S mé smuaineaḋ ort-sa, a ḟearc mo ċroiḋe,
'Ná 'n súḃaċas 's mó, 's is aeraiġe,
  'S mé sgarṫa uait-sé le mo ḃiṫ.

III.

Gíḋ gur ḟeall na geallta
  Do ċealg sinn lé cluain 's le breug
'S gur tuar ḋúinn do ḃeiṫ meallta,
  Ḃeiṫ a tnúṫ leo arís go h-eug.
Béiḋ solus ans a dúḃaċan,
  Aig treoruġaḋ m' aisdir fearda coiḋċe;
Mar tá 'n intleaċt stiġ naċ múċann,
  A's leus do smígeaḋ a ḃ-fasgaḋ ar d-tíġ.

IV.

D'éis an t-soluis a ḃeiṫ múċta,
  Do ṫreoruiġ é ṫríd an t-sliġe,
Tig eagla air ḟear siúḃalta
  Aig forsuġaḋ bealaiġ lár na h-oiḋċe.
Aċt fós le lóċrann neulta
  Is lonnraċ, seasṁaċ fearda a ṡiúḃal,
'Oir ní 'l leus aig déalraḋ neulta,
  Mar an leus a ṫig ó ríġ na n-dúl.

II.

'T is not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'T is not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear;

III.

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I 've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first, goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

Ḃ-fuil d' óg-laeṫe seunṁar faoi lionn-duḃ?

Fonn— Patruic Cluaineaċ.

I.

Ḃ-fuil d' óg-laeṫe seunṁar' faoi lionn-duḃ,
  Mar ṁaidin faoi slam de 'n ċeó?
'S ro luaṫ do ċuaiḋ ṫarainn-ne teann-sruṫ
  An am', nár ġnáṫaċ brón gan sóġ
Ḃ-fuil síonta na h-aoise geur', cruaiḋe,
  Teaċt air ċroiḋe a ḃí aeraċ go leór?
Tar ċugam, a leinḃ na truaiġe,
  A's silfead leat deor le deor.

II.

An aṁail le ċre Ċil-ṁiontain
  An gean air ar ċlaon do ċroiḋe,
A m-bíḋeann criċre trí sléiḃte is gleanntáin
  Aig dealraḋ ann gaċ áit d'ar sliġe?
Aċt d' eis móráin saoṫair aig róṁar
  Na cré, 'nn a ḃ-fuil ór réir cáil',
Tá ar saoṫar gan toraḋ, gan sóġṁar,
  Gan aon niḋ 'nna ḋiaiġ le fáġail.

III.

Raiḃ do ḋóiġ, mar eun na soir-rioġaċt'
  Dul ó ċrann go cran, deir an sgeul,
Aig taisbeanaḋ seoide na draoḋeaċt'
  Ḃí soilseaċ le glóir, ó n-a ḃeul?
Air ċraoḃ d' eis craoiḃe aig seasaḋ,
  Súd ċugad a seoid air a n-geug,
Aċt d' eis tú a ṁeallaḋ, le casaḋ,
  Súd uait sí arís go h-eug.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

Air—*Sly Patrick.*

I.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
  As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
  That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
  Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
  I 'll weep with thee tear for tear.

II.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
  Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
  All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
  Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
  Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
  That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
  Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
  The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
  Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

Má euluiġ mar súd am na milse,
  Nár ḟearḃuiġ aon lá d' ar m-biṫ;
Má 's meallṫaċ friṫ muiniġin na dilse
  A lonnruiġ duḃ-neulta ar g-croiḋe:
Má 's críonta mar súd le gaeṫiḃ cruaiḋe
  Tá gaċ cáiliḋeaċt ḃí gráḋaċ go leor:
Tar ċugam, a leinḃ na truaiġe,
  A's silfead leat deor le deor.

NI RAIḂ ĊO FAILTEAṀAIL.

Fonn—Lag an Laġa.

I.

Ni raiḃ ċo failteaṁail na ceolta ríġe
  Teaċt air neaċ suanṁar go fóill a riaṁ,
Tra leiṫ-duirsġṫe as táṁ na h-oiḋċe,
  Cluinear feaṫ' neaṁḋa binn' le n-a ṫaoḃ—
Do ḃris sár-ġuṫ orm 'san am raiḃ baiṫte,
  An croiḋe 'n mo lár faoi ṫrom-ḟlam ceo,
Gan doiġ go cluinfaiḋ ċoiḋċe an deoraiḋe cráiḋte,
  Fonn ċo binn beannuiġṫe, aris go deo.

II.

Guṫ binn na dílse, mar ċiun-gaoṫ saṁraiḋ,
  Go sáiṁ aig éaluġaḋ triḋ duala cam',
A's casta sligeáin, ḃí fuaim na h-aṁara,
  'Téaċt triḋ gaċ cuas de mo ċroiḋe 'san am.
Buḋ íc a g-cogar é, buḋ lóċrann grianṁar
  'Ga luaḋ; a's b' ḟeárr liom 'na an saoġal gan roinn
Mo ṫrom-ṫáṁ fada, tá le duḃ-ḃrón lionṁar,
  Beiṫ briste aig ceoltaiḃ ċo beannuiġṫe binn.

IV.

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I 'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

Air—*Luggelaw.*

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathèd shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echo'd to its spell!—
'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!—
I 'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

AIG TÚS AR G-CAIDREAḊ.

Fonn—A Ṗatruic teiċ uaim.

I.

Aig tus ar g-caidreaḋ 's tú óg-ḃláṫ
  Ḃiḋis ċo fial a n-gealltaiḃ,
Ar ċosṁail dóiḃ ḃeiṫ fíor gan sgáṫ,
  Nár smuaineas do ḃeiṫ meallta.
N'eis tú ḃeiṫ aṫruiġṫe, d' ḟan síor-ḃeo,
  Mo ṁuiniġin asat gan faonaḋ,
Da ḃ-feallfáḋ air an t-saoġal go deo,
  Uaim féin naċ n-déanfá claonaḋ;
    Aċt imṫiġ leat, ḟir ċaim na m-breug,
      Is cóir an croiḋe ḃeiṫ briste,
    Do ċuirfeaḋ dóiġ arís go h-eug
      A g-cluanaire ċo cliste.

II.

Trá ḃi gaċ beul aig luaḋ do ḃaois,
  Ḃ' olc liom an sgeul duḃ gráineaṁail,
Nó, ṫargair mé go sgeiṫfeaḋ aois,
  Glóir, as an óige ċáineaṁail.
Duit ḃi seasṁaċ, buan mo ġráḋ,
  'Nuair ḃi do ċáirde glonnṁar,
'S an croiḋe tá le do ċluain' cráḋ
  A ḟuil ḋoirtfeaḋ duit go fonṁar.
    Aċt imṫiġ leat, ḟir ċluanaiġ, ċaim,
      'S ó an t-séis a ḃ-fuilir ḃáiṫte,
    Aig dúsaċt, tuigfir anns an am
      Geur aṁgar croiḋṫe cráiḋte.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—*O Patrick, fly from me.*

I.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee:
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go—
Some day, perhaps thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Ní feicṫear leus na h-aois' sa tra
  Ḃ-fuil aig bláṫ na h-oige tréigṫe,
Ṫeiṫ an dream, aig a raiḃ ort gráḋ,
  'S ta ort gráin ó luċt do ḃreugṫa.
Measg tráill, tá fleaḋ antráṫaċ na h-oiḋċe
  'Ga roinn gan téagar saoiḋeaṁail,
'S mar leus air uaiṁ, ḃ-fuil bás ann faoi,
  Tá 'smige fuar neaṁ-ċroiḋeaṁail.
    Imṫiġ: 's da m-beiḋeaḋ air do laiṁ,
      'Or a's táinte an doṁain,
    Ní ṫiuḃrainn deor de ġol ġlan fáiṁ,
      Air do ṡaiḃreas olc, mar róġain.

IV.

'S b' ḟéidir go d-tiocfaḋ, 'ċluanaiġ, an lá,
  'M-béiḋ na cuinge so féin 'ga m-bríseaḋ,
A m-béiḋir aig blaoḋaċ gan féiḋm le cráḋ,
  Air an té ḃeiḋeas ort aig cliseaḋ.
Té ḃeirfeaḋ duit-se fuil a croiḋe,
  Trá, ḃeiḋ fagṫa leunṁar,
Aig tairbeaint duit gur ṫuill tú an gnaoi
  Ḃi aici ort 's tú seunṁar,
    Uaim, uaim! mallaċt duit ni fiú,
      D' imḋeargaḋ 's níḋ craiḋṫe,
    Fuaṫ féin ni aṫċuingoċaḋ duit mí-ċliu
      Ċo trom a's táir ann báiṫte.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call with vain regret
On her thou 'st lost for ever,—
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
'T is weakness to upbraid thee:
Hate cannot wish thee worse,
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

ĊO ḞAD A'S ḂI CEOLRAIḊ.

Fonn—Paddi Faic.

I.

Ċo ḟad a's ḃí ceolraiḋ na h-eaċtra aig cúṁdaċ go h-aireaċ,
Gaċ niḋ d'a raiḃ figṫe 'n duḃ-eige na sríṫ,
Le n'a ṫaoḃ ḃí Neaċ Eireann go brónaċ 's go faireaċ.
'Oir an stáir smalaḋ leaḃra d' a cuid-san do ḃi
Aċt o! mar do las suas a rosc ṫrid an g-ceo,
Trá n' éis iomad bliaḋanta de ḋuḃ-ḃrón gan sciṫ,
Ḋearc an ċeolraiḋ go beo,
Le scríoḃ' ḋealraiġ go deo,
Gaċ duilleóg, aig cuir síos tír-ḟlaṫ, car a croiḋe.

II.

Failte! realt ġéal na Banba, air an Neaċ a's í faluiġṫe,
Faoi ġaeṫ' ṫig ó spéir drúċdaṁail Eireann le glóir,
Tri bliaḋanta de ċraḋ a's ó cara mé dealuiġṫe,
Ḃíḋeas air eiriġ ṁóir lócrain mar ṫusa, cur tóir.
Ciḋ mór uiṁir laoċra ḃeiṫ 'ga luaḋ air mo ṫaoḃ,
Air cam-ċasáin iomráiḋ, faraor! tá n'a luiḋe
Aċt tá 'gus ḃí riaṁ,
Gan aon smal an craoḃ,
Tá timċioll air ċeann buaḋaċ ċaraid mo ċroiḋe.

III.

Aċt romat tá an saoṫar is mó ann do ḃeaṫa,
A ḃéirfeas air a n-dearnais a riaṁ go fóill bárr
Ciḋ buḋ céimeaṁail ḃeiṫ saoraḋ críċe eile a g-caṫa,
Is mó an réim, do ṫír féin a tógḃail, tá 'r lár,
Toig aig caṫaoir na ríġṫe do ċosnais, do ġuṫ,
'Gus agair air son Eireann, 'd' oil ard-tuaṫ do ḃíṫ,
S' air áṁan buairṫe duḃ;
D'a fuil 's deora, sruṫ,
Mar ṫuaġ-ċeaṫa doiġe, briḋeaḋ an laoċ, car a croiḋe.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—*Paddy Whack.*

I.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illumin'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

II.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I 've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
"For tho' heroes I 've number'd, unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame:—
"But oh! there is not
"One dishonouring blot
"On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

III.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
"The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
"At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
"Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
"And bright o'er the flood
"Of her tears and her blood;
"Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

TRIḊ ḂRÓN 'GUS TRIḊ GAḂAḊ.

Fonn—Uair ḃí agam fíor-ġráḋ.

I.

Triḋ brón 'gus triḋ ġáḃaḋ, do lonruiġ do smigeaḋ mo ṡliġe,
Gur sgeiṫ doiġ air gaċ dreisóg, mo ṫimċiol ḃí 'nna luiḋe:
D'a duiḃe crann ar m-beaṫa, buḋ soilseaċ ḃí ar n-gráḋ,
Go raiḃ glóir ann áit náire, 'gus caon-dúraċt ann áit sgáṫ.
O! sgláḃ giḋ do raiḃ me, ann d' uċtse saor do ḃí,
'S ṫug beannaċt do 'n doilġis do ṁeuduiġ dom gean do ċroiḋe.

II.

Ḃí do ċoṁṡuiriġeaċ faoi urram 'gus tu faoi ḋímeas ṁór,
Ḃí do ċróin-se de deilg, 's a cróin-san de ór.
'Suiriġ sí-se an teampal; 's tu-sa n-guais na n-gleann,
Buḋ oirc ṡiad a carad 's do darad-se 'nna scláḃ' san'.
Aċt b' ḟeorr liom 'san uaiṁ aig do ċosaiḃ ḃeiṫ mo luiḋe,
'Na ḃeiṫ pósta le rud fuaṫṁar, no aig iompuġaḋ uait mo ċroiḋe.

III.

Cia deir gur fann do ġeallta, ḃeir ort breiṫe cruaiḋ;
Da m-beiḋeaḋ fealltaċ, ní gan lasaḋ ḃeiḋeaḋ do ġruaiḋ,
Deirtear, ort ċo fad ḃí fáisgṫe cuiḃre trom',
Go b-fuil do ċroiḋe le scláḃaċṫ clóite 'gus tu crom:
O! na creid ṡiad, níor b' ḟeidir le cuing ṫu do ċlaoiḋ.
'N áit a soilsiġeann do spiorad, soilsiġeann saorsa ċoiḋċe.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS

Air—*I once had a true love.*

I.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed thy servile stains.
Oh! foul is the slander! no chain could that soul subdue.
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too.

IS FAD ṠI O'N G-CRÍĊ.

Fonn—Foscail an doras.

I.

Is fad ṡi o'n g-críċ, ḃ-fuil a h-og-laoċ 'nn a luiḋe
'S gan aird air a suirriġiḃ 'g a breugaḋ;
Aċt uimpiġeann go fuar ó ṡúiliḃ gaċ saoi,
'Oir tá a croíḋe le n-a ceile 'g a eugaḋ.

II.

Buḋ ṡiad abráin duṫċais á tír' féin do ṡeinn,
Rinn gaċ fearsa d' ar áil leis do ṁeaṁaraḋ.
O 's beag imniḋe loċt cluinste a ceolta binn;
A croiḋe ḃeiṫ 'g a ḃriseaḋ gan caḃaraḋ.

III.

Do ṁair se d' a rún; agus d'eug se d'a ċríċ:
So an meud ḃí 'ga ċeangail air talaṁ:
Ni luaṫ 'ġabfas trom-ġul a ṫíre aon sgíṫ,
'S ní ḃéiḋ 'ḃ-fad gan a ċéile an uaiṁ fálaṁ.

IV.

O déann uaiṁ dí 's an áit ḃ-fuil na gaeṫ' gréine 'siar,
'Nuair ġealleann siad máraċ glóraċ:
Beiḋ 'soilsuġaḋ air a suan mar smígeaḋ ann iar
'O n-a dil-innis féin a tá brónaċ.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Air—*Open the door.*

I.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
  And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
  For her heart in his grave is lying.

II.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
  Every note which he lov'd awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
  How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died:
  They were all that to life had entwin'd him:
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
  Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
  When they promise a glorious morrow:
They 'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
  From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

CA Ḃ-FUIL AN TRAIL IS TAIRE.

Fonn—Sios agus sios liom.

I.

Ca ḃ-fuil an tráil is táire
A ngéibeal cruaiḋ, tuar náire,
Dá m-beiḋeaḋ ann,
Naċ d-tarnóċaḋ lann
'N áit meaṫ' faoi ċuing gan gáire?
Cia an croiḋe faoi égceart claonta,
A d-fanfaḋ lé ḃeiṫ aonta:
'S go m-b' aoiḃin ḋó,
Da m-beiḋeaḋ fíor-ḃeo
Ann uċt an árd-ríġ, sínte.
Slán leat, Eire!—bíḋ slán,
A ċaoinear ar n-ár le deoriḃ lán.

II.

Ní annsa an laiḃreal fásaḋ
Tá beo gan baint, gan básuġaḋ,
'Na an dlaoiġ gan bláṫ,
A ġníḋ fleasg a's sgáṫ
Do'n m-buaḋaċ, buḋ dual a ḟásúġaḋ.
Tá ar g-cos air úr ar g-cairde;
Tá an glas-ṁeirg' tógṫa ann áirde;
'S iad lé n-ar d-taoḃ,
Nár ċlis a riaṁ,
'S an náṁaid roṁainn 'g os ard.
Slán leat, Eire! bíḋ slán,
A ċaoinear ar n-ár le deoraiḃ lán.

OH! WHERE 'S THE SLAVE.

Air—*Sios agus sios lom.*

I.

Oh! where 's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

II.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we 've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

AIR M' UĊT FÉIN GLAC SUAN.

Fonn—Loċ Silin.

I.

Mo ḋil eilit loite! air m' uċt féin glac suan:
Giḋ gur euluiġ an treud uait, so d' áit dídin buan,
Tá an smígeaḋ ann gan dúḃċan, 'gus searc-ċuman croiḋe,
Gus láṁ le do ċosaint le congial, gan sgíṫ.

II.

An teas-ġráḋ, go marfaḋ se seasṁaċ, naċ cóir,
Tre ḃrón á's tre ġáirdeas, tre náire 's tre glóir,
Ní 'lim eolgaċ no imníḋeaċ, má táir air ċoire saor,
Aċt tá's a'm, cia biḋ tú, go ḃ-fuil mo ġráḋ ort-sa fíor.

III.

Do ġáir orm aingeal, trá ḃí tú a seun,
Beiḋ me mar aingeal, trá ṫu ḃeiṫ faoi leun;
Aig lean'ṁuint do lorg, tre ġeur-ṫeinte teo,
Go do ċosaint 's do ċúṁdaċt, le mo ḃás no mo ḃeo.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR—*Lough Sheeling.*

I.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I 'll be 'mid the horrors of this,
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

tá euluiġṫe go deó uainn an lóċrann ḃí a sgaraḋ.

Fonn—S'a ṁuirnín dílis.

I.

Tá euluiġṫe go deó uainn an lóċrann ḃí a sgaraḋ
  Mar ḋealraḋ an lae ġil aig soilsiuġaḋ gaċ ball:
Aig beoḋaċan le n-a ġaeṫiḃ uaiṁe na marḃ,
  'S a líonaḋ le n-a solus na súile ḃí dall.
Tá euluiġṫe—'s an lonnair, a d' ḟág sé mar reulta,
Ní ġníḋ aċt glan-leursgus do ṫaḃairt air na neulta,
Ḃéiḋeas aig dúḃan air ríġaċtaiḃ an doṁain air feaḋ saoġalta,
  Aċt go h-áiriḋe ort, Eirinn! a ċuisle mo ċroiḋe.

II.

'Oir b' árd ḃí do ḋóiġ, trá ḃí an ġlóir úd d'a soilsiúġaḋ
  Do ṫimċioll trí neulta trom', dorċa an t-saoġail:
'Oir ḃí fírinne n'eis a geur-ċuing do ḃruseaḋ, aig soilsiúġaḋ
  'Nuair aṁail mar ġaċ gréine, a brata do sgaoil.
O! ní cíḋféar ċoiḋċe arís, annsa g-cruinne
Aon am ċo h-aoibin, óir ḃí caoṁ-ġuṫ gaċ cinne
'S gaċ ríġaċt' aig cur le ċéile: 's b' árd, binn do cluineaḋ
  Maidin-ċeol na saoirse, ḟeinn Eire ó ċroiḋe.

III.

Aċt gráine air na tíoráin, nár b' áil leo aċt daorsaċt,
  'S air an táir-dream, nár ċlaon le n-a maiṫ féin a d-toil,
Ḃí aig caidreaḋ, mar andrais, óig-ḋóiġ na saorsaċt',
  'S aig altóir na h-aire do ḃaird í le fuil.
D' euluiġ go deo uainn an aisling ḃreáġ ġrianṁar,
Ḃeiḋeas d' aiṁḋeoin na g-croiḋṫe sonaṁadaċ neaṁ-ċlaonṁar,
Mar d'éiríġ ó ṫus ort go lonnraċ, 's go líonṁar,
  Eire, 'ṫír ċaillte, ṫír taisge mo ċroiḋe.

'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—*'Sa mhuirnın dılis.*

I.

'T is gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
'T is gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once like a Sun-burst her banner unfurled.
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid—
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

III.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like Furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that bright, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

DO ĊONNAIRC AIR MAIDIN.

Fonn—Moll.

I.

Do ċonnairc air maidin, air an ṁuir d'éis a lionta,
  An long ḃreáġ faoi ṡeoltaiḃ go h-álum aig snáṁ:
Do ḋearcas arís,—a's an ġrian tar éis claonta—
  Bi an long air an gaineaṁ, 's an tuile 'néis tráġaḋ.

II.

Súd sompla air ṁuinín a's air ṁearḃall na baoise,
  Mar súd euluiġeas laeṫe ar sláinte 's ar féin.
Bíḋeann na tonna, air ar rinceaḋ, d' ar d-tréigsin, teaċt aoise,
  'S d'ar ḃ-fágáil tráṫ-nóna air an tráiġ ḃán linn féin.

III.

Ná tráċt liom air ċéim, nó air ċeannas aig foilsuġaḋ
  Glean dorċa ar n-oiḋċe, már ḟáṁ-solus ré,
Aċt taḃair dam gaeṫe úra na maidne aig soilsiuġaḋ
  An dúḃain níos áille, 'na lóċrann luiḋe lae.

IV.

Cia ar naċ m-beiḋeaḋ cúṁa n-diaiġ am ud na dile,
  Raiḃ súḃailce an ċumainn 'cur bláṫ ar a ḃár;
'S ċroiḋe mar ċrann, úr, áluin coille faoi ḃile,
  Sgeiṫ d'a ḋóiġ' deáġ-ḃalaḋ ó'n t-súġ ṫrí n-a lár.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH

Air—*Miss Molly.*

I.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

II.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IV.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning
When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?

AN CUAĊ MAR 'S CÓIR SUAS LÍON.

Fonn—Bob a's Seon.

I

An cuaċ mar 's cóir suas lion,
Le lin sgala doiṁin'
Silt air ṁalaiḋ braon,
Biḋeann ó gaċ imniḋ sleaṁain.
Ní sgaoiltear gaeṫe geur'
An ġrinn ċo luaṫ 's ċo briġṁar,
Le 'nuair do ṫig mar ċaor,
Trí cuaċa lasta líonṁar.
An cuaċ, mar 's cóir suas lion
Le lin sgala doiṁin
Silt air ṁalaiḋ braon,
Biḋeann ó gaċ imníḋ sleaṁain.

II.

Gaḃann mar deir an sgeul,
Eigse stuama air sciaṫa
An ċaoir, 's o neaṁ na reul,
Beir a nuas a ġaeṫe.
Mar súd 'sa b-fleaḋ cruin'
Tarraingmuid go cinte,
O neaṁ na h-eágna 's grinn,
Na gaeṫe 's geire 's tinte.
An cuaċ mar 's cóir, suas lion.

III.

Cia an bár uġdar a ḃi
'S dual fios ḟaġail ní h-iongnaḋ,
Go m-biḋeann go síor an croiḋe
Cum sruoraid fíona claonaḋ:

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Air—*Bob and Joan.*

I.

Fill the bumper fair!
  Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care.
  Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
  Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
  It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
  Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
  Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
  Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
  From the starr'd dominions.
So we, Sages, sit
  And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of Wit
  Draw down all its lightning.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
  Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
  For wine's celestial spirit?

Do ṫárla anns an trá,
'Nuair suas go flaiṫeas d' euluiġ
An te' ġoid as, faoi sgáṫ,
An teine, reir na sgeulaiḋ
An ċuaċ mar 's cóir suas lion.

IV.

Do'n óglaċ triall 'sa t-sliġe,
Ḃí gan soiġṫeaċ, gan corn,
Le taḃairt 'nuas as críċ
Na n-deaṫe geal, an gorn.
Aċt ó mar léim a ċroiḋe,
'Oir dearcaḋ measg na reulta,
Ċonairc ċuaċ 'nna luiḋe,
Buḋ le Baċċas suḃaċ na neulta,
An cuaċ mar 's cóir suas lion.

V.

Bí ann sa sgála braon,
'Fagaḋ n'éis na h-oiḋċe,
Ṫuit driṫle annsa ḃ-fíon,
Fuiġeall fleaḋ na saoiṫe.
Súd e siocair ḃriġ
Fíona, air aigne flaṫa,
Súd mar ṫoigeann croiḋe
D'a d-tig as ċuaċ dé, ceaṫa.
An cuac mar 's cóir suas lion.

It chanced upon that day,
  When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
  The living fires that warm us.

IV.

The careless Youth, when up
  To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
  To hide the pilfered fire in.
But, oh! his joy! when, round
  The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
  A bowl of Bacchus lying.

V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
  Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
  Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
  Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
  O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
  Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
  Smooths away a wrinkle.

'CRUIT ANSA MO ṪÍRE.

Fonn—Langoli.

I.

'Ċruit ansa mo ṫíre, ann dorċadas ḃí sínte,
Ḃí fuar-ċuing na tosda ort fáisgṫe go teann;
Do ṫoig mé as geiḃeal, d' éis do ċuiḃreaċ ḃeiṫ sgaoilte,
Air do ṫeudaiḃ sgeiṫ gaeṫe, a's solus saor-rann.
Ḃí fuaim sundaċ feaṫa do b' aeraiġe 's buḋ ḃinne,
Aig dúsaċt do ṫeuda, 'ḃí suanṁar, ċum ceoil;
Aċt ḃíḋis ċo neaṁ-eólgaċ air ṡuarcas 's air luinne
Go m-briseann an brón trí do ṡúgaiġil go fóill.

II.

Slán agus beannaċt le do ḃinn-gaeṫiḃ, 'ċruit ċroim,
So an dlaoiġ déiġionaċ dánta, do déanfam' a ḋealḃ,
Téiḋ, a's codail faoi sgáil lonnraiġ gáirṫe air do ṡuan trom,
Go ḃ-fáġaid meura níos stuama air do ṫeudaiḃ ċiun', sealḃ.
Má ḃí croiḋe gaisgiġ treunṁair, tír-gráḋaiġ, nó suairc-saoi,
'Ga g-corruġaḋ, aig eisdeaċt lé seinnim ar n-dann,
Ní raiḃ annam-sa aċt oiteóg neaṁ-ḃriġṁar na luaṫ-gaoiṫ',
Agus uait-se do ṫainic an ḟuaim ḃinn aṁáin.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR—*Langolee.*

I.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers:
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine:
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone:
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

A ĊRUIT ĊAOIN.

Fonn—Caoineaḋ.

I.

A ċruit ċaoin! dúsġaim aris binn-ġaeṫe
  Do ċeoil, ḃí ḃáiṫte faoi ċodlaḋ trom:
Lár deor do sgaramar, 's arís d'éis laeṫe
  Tá do ċasaḋ a lár deor liom—
Níor ḃris ort súgraḋ, aċt mar na cláirsiġ,
  Aig a raiḃ ó neaṁ a rinn 's a stuaim,
'S do ċanaḋ briuid, mar do ḃriuid go h-ársaiḋ—
    Táir air na saileog' go fóill gan Fuaim.

II.

Gíḋ, ó do ḟeinn duinn do ṫeuda ceolṁar',
  Ḃí am caiṫréime, a's n-éis cogaiḋ síoṫ,
A's b' iomḋa croiḋe, do léim le dóṫċus glórṁar
  Tá anois faoi náire duḃ, trom, 'nn a luiḋe—
Aċt ċó-faḋ 's ḃí aḃráin a's dánta binne
  Air tír 's air tonn d'a sgeiṫ gan sgíṫ,
'S aig líonaḋ aigne na sluaġ le luinne,
  D'a m-bárr ni fuair tu aċt briseaḋ croiḋe.

III.

Cia ḃeiḋeaḋ a feiṫeaḋ, 'ċruit ċrom, air luaṫ-sruṫ,
  'O do ṫrom-teudaiḃ, de ċeoltaiḃ binn':
'O ḟuiseog maidne, ḃeiḋeaḋ ċo tráṫaṁail saor-guṫ,
  'N áit géise aig éagcaoin a h-aoise air linn.
Ciannos agaro'd air son saoirs' do ġaeṫe.
  Mo ċruit féin dílis, air a ḃ-fuil agam gráḋ,
'S an ċraoḃ, le n-gléasaim do ċum a's d' ḟéiṫe,
  Gur fleásg tá fiġte sí le slaḃraiḋe a's bláṫ.

MY GENTLE HARP.

AIR—*The Caoine or Dirge.*

I.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of song hath o'er thee broken,
But like those harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, have spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willow still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then while peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains?

IV.

Aċt ċugam, 's má tá ann do ċum, tá aig feóċan,
  Aon ġuṫ aṁain siansa naċ ḃ-fuil faoi ṡuan,
Corruiġ dam-sa ṡe, a's taḃair fios d'a ḃeoḋaċan,
  Gur binn do ċeolta lár bróin, 's gur buan—
Gur aoiḃinn ṡeinnear tú a lár na g-crónaċ,
  Tra ḃíḋear fonn luinneaċ d'a ġaḃail go grinn,
Mar ioṁáiġ Meaṁnoin briste, béiḋir go brónaċ
  Trí scrios 's trí ḟasaċ go h-aonarac, binn.

AIG SNÁṀ D'AR LOING ANN AĠAIḊ GAOṪ TEANN'.

Fonn—An cailin d' ḟág me 'mo ḋiaiġ.

I.

Aig snáṁ d'ar loing ann aġaiḋ gaoṫ' teann',
  Le' raiḃ a seolta líonta,
Do cíḋfeaḋ an brat a steaċ ó'n g-crann
  Cum an ċuain, 'd' ḟág sí, sínte.
Mar sud is mall ar siúbal 's an t-sliġe
  'O áras ġráḋaċ ar g-cáirde,
Air a n-iompuiġeann claonta úṁal' ar g-croiḋe,
  Mar an long-ḃrat sgaoilte ann áirde.

II.

Aig meaḃrúġaḋ an am', ċuaiḋ ṫart mar ceo
  Neaṁ-ḃriġṁar, 'bunn na fléiḋe;
Biḋeann brón a's gáirdeoċas síor-ḃeo,
  'G a measgaḋ lár ar g-cleiḃe;
'S 'nuair dúsuiġeann ceolta flaṫ 's an ḃ-fléiḋ,
  Gaċ cáiliḋeaċt óg a's ċroiḋaṁail--
D'ar fan 'nnar n diaiġ, bíḋeann cuaċ air leiṫ
  'Dul ṫart, 's 'g a ól go saoiṫaṁail.

IV.

But come, if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh! breathe for me,
And show the world in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR—*The girl I left behind me.*

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To the dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh! sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us.

III.

A d-tírṫiḃ coigriġeaċa, an trá,
Do cíḋmuid innse 's gleannta;
'S gaċ níḋ faoi ḃláṫ, aċt easḃa gráḋ
'S an coingioll caoṁ do ḟantuiġ;
Buḋ ṁór an sólás air ar g-croiḋe,
'Gur bárr air aoibneas saoġalta,
Dá m-beiḋeaḋ súd againn le n-ar m-biṫ
Ann aoin-ḟeaċt cáirde 's gaolta.

IV.

Mar ḟiúḃlaċ soir, aig aṁarc siar,
Go mall aig teaċt na h-oiḋċe,
Aig breaṫnuġaḋ air an lá air siar
Roiṁ euluġaḋ uaiḋe ċoiḋċe:
Mar súd, d' eis teilgean siar ar n-dearc,
O ḃruaċaiḃ garr' na h-uaiṁe,
Tig lóċran geal na h-óige searc'
Tre neulta aoise a's cúṁa.

'NUAIR 'SA G-CRÉ ḂEIḊEAS AN CARAD.

Fonn—Treunaḋ Liomnaiġ.

I.

'Nuair 'sa g-cré beiḋeas an carad, air raiḃ agat gráḋ,
Bíḋeaḋ a lóċta 's a luaiṁneaċt fagṫa 's a g-cill;
Nó, ó 'n táṁ trom, a ḃ-ḟuil ann, ma togṫar an sgáṫ,
Caoin iad gan gleo, 's an sgáṫ 'rís orra síl.
Aċt, ó má ta brónaċ le cuiṁnuġaḋ an sgeul,
Gur euluiġ le caṫuġaiḋ ó'n t-solus a ċroiḋe,
Is aoibin an ċuimnuġaḋ go m-buḋ tu-sa an reul,
'Do ḟoilsiġ an a baile ḟe lár dúban, 'sa t-sliġe.

III.

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us.

IV.

As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

Air—*Limerick's Lamentation,*

I.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 't is pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

Uait-se 's ó d' áille, gan smal air, do lás,
An t-eagna do ċlaon sé ċum fíor-ġraḋ go mór,
Aig aireaṁ do sprioraid lonraċ a ċas,
'O na ioġṁaiġṫe táir', d'a raiḃ taḃ'rṫa go leor.
Air sruṫa a ḃeaṫa duḃ, measgṫa le gaoṫ,
Ṫainicis mar ċiúnas geal, sáiṁ air an tuinn,
'S ma ḃí claonaḋ a laeṫe le leus aoiḃaṁail buiḋe
'S uait 'ḟiolruiġ an solus do sgeiṫ le n-a linn.

III.

'S ciḋ d' éiroċaḋ ó ḃaoise na h-oige duḃ-neul,
'S ciḋ ḟeolóċaḋ air seaċrán 's áir seaċṁal sé, ḃreug,
Aig, umpuġaḋ air an glóir, ḃí 's na roisc úd mar reul,
Gan muil scaraḋ an ḃaoise 's an seaċrán go h-eug.
Mar ḟagairt na greine, le sgalaḋ de 'n lá,
Ḃiḋeas a lasaḋ na h-altóra ḃí smúdaṁail faoi ċeo:
Ma ḃí subailce, aon tamal, lag-ḃríġaċ, faoi sgáṫ,
D' umpuiġ air a smíġeaḋ 's ḃí lasta go beo.

BI CINTE GIḊ FÁGṪA TÁIR.

Fonn—Caisleán Tír-eon.

I.

Bi cinte giḋ fágṫa táir, ċo fad 's ḃeiḋeas me beo,
Naċ n-euloċaiḋ do ċuṁan as mo ċroiḋe stiġ go deo;
Níor dilse faoi ṫrom-ḃrón, faoi ḋuḃaċan 's faoi sian,
'Na tírṫe is téagraiġe air soilsiġeann an ġrian.

II.

Da m-beiḋeaḋ mar b' ait liom, mór, árd, saor, a ġraḋ,
De 'n ṁuir, sgaiṫ na seoide; de 'n tír, sgaiṫ na m-blaṫ.
Do ċumáċta buḋ réiṁeaċ liom féin beiṫ 'g a luaḋ,
Aċt mo ċionn ort ní ṁeudóċaḋ do ċéim, no do ṫuaḋ.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
   The revealings, that first taught true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
   From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
   Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled,
   On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
   And tho' falsehood again should allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
   And the folly, the falsehood soon vanished away.
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
   At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair;
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
   He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE! YES.

Air—*Castle Tirowen.*

I.

Remember thee! yes, while there 's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
First flow'r of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow;
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

Aig teaċt, le geur-ċuiḃre, do d' ḟuil go tiúġ, teann,
'S ṡe foilsiġeann a g-cúram níos teagaraġ do ċlann,
Mar an t-ál anns an ḃ-fásac 's a nead teagraċ teo,
'G a g-congḃáil le fuil bríonn a máṫar fíor-ḃeo.

FIĠ ṪART AIR TAOḂ.

Fonn—Nora an ċiste.

I.

Fiġ ṫart air taoḃ
Na cuaiċe, craoḃ
Is glaise de ġrean saoiṫeaṁail:
Go neaṁ na reul,
Noċt rúd le gaol,
Tréigsint dream' neaṁċroiḋaṁal.
Ma ḃiḋeann an gráḋ,
'Stiġ filte a sgáṫ,
An t-suarcais 'n aġaiḋ a tréiġṫe,
Le dóiġ bí teann,
Co'ad 's ḃéiḋear fíon ann,
Le m-báiṫfamuid a ġaeṫe.

III.

No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

Air—*Nora án Kiste.*

I.

Wreathe the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
Which Mirth, th' enchanter, brings us.
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We 'll drown him if he stings us,
Then wreathe the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

II.

Buḋ gnáṫaċ aig flaiṫ,
Na nDia, le sgaiṫ
Deoċ neaṁḋa 'beiṫ 'g a m-beoḋaċan,
'S tá air ar sliġe,
An sgaiṫ ud diġe,
Do ṁeasgaḋ réir ar n-dóċain:—
Mar so, tóig fíon,
An cuaċ suas líon,
'S bíḋeaḋ timċioll suile sgiaṁaṁail',
'S le gaeṫe grinn,
Las suas an linn,
'S feuċ deoċ na n-Dia go céim'ail.

III.

Taḃ'r fios cia an faṫ,
A n-deárnaiḋ triaṫ,
An cuaċ le gaineaṁ líonaḋ,
'Nuair is luaiṫe sruṫ,
An fíon', 'sa ċruṫ,
Is deise é, níḋ naċ íongaḋ:
'O! duinn é bronn,
Le smig 's le fonn,
'S de'n sgála déanfam' roince,
'Gur beiḋiḋ go fras,
Dá ṫuile teaċt as
'S an dá ṫaoḃ lán go cinte.

II.

'T was nectar fed.
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
But Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt 's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there 's your nectar, splendid!
So wreathe the bowl, etc.

III.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh! lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we 'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever.
Then wreathe the bowl, etc.

NA DEARMAD AN FAIṪ.

Fonn—Cúṁa Aċruim.

I.

Na dearmad an faiṫ air ar síneaḋ
Sgaiṫ déiġionaċ na laoċ anns an ár,
Uile imṫiġṫe: 'gur sinn-ne 'g a g-caoineaḋ
'S an ċéim tá 'sa g-cré leo fá lár.

II.

O! da m-b' féidir ó'n g-cré, glaoḋaċ ċum gliaṫa
Air na gaisgiḋiġ, tá eugṫa a suan,
Aig imirt lé lainn a's le sgiaṫa
Air son saoirse arís go síor-ḃuan.

III.

Dá ḃ-fáġfamuis na cuiḃreaċa 'ḃrisreaḋ,
D' ḟáisg dian-ċeannas orainn, 's ní fann,
O! is cinte air ṫíorán go g-clisfeaḋ
'N-aġaiḋ ċéirt, a g-cur orainn go teann.

IV.

Aċt tá ṫart—a's giḋ molta 'sna sgeultaiḃ,
'S na stairṫiḃ, tá breugaċ no fíor,
Béiḋ an buaḋ-orc faoi ṁallact 's faoi neultaiḃ,
Gníḋeas saltairt air ċroiḋṫiḃ ḃí saor.

V.

Is annsa an uaiṁ nó lann-slaḃraiḋe,
Ḃ-fuil Lóċrann ċliú laoċrá tír-ġraḋaċ,
'Na buaiḋ ċraoḃ an ṁéid á ḃeiḋeas meaḃruiġ'
Fá éiriġe air ċreaċ saoirse, go ḃráṫ.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Air—*The Lamentation of Limerick.*

I.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherished,
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for Freedom once more.

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 't is not in Man nor in Heaven
To let tyranny bind us again.

IV.

But 't is past; and tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

O! do lannaiḃ an am', tá a g-cian.

Fonn—Ní 'l fios air.

I.

O! do lannaiḃ an am', tá a g-cian,
  O! do na gaisgiḋiḃ cliútaċ',
Do ċosain ceart, mar sgaiṫ na ḃ-fian,
  'S do ḃí lé dian-oirc, cúiteaċ!
Na feara fíor' go fóill nár ṁill
  Tair-feoide caisleán ríġeaṁail,
Aċt sealḃ céim, do saoṫruiġ a's ṫuill
  Le cróḋaċt a's cáiliḋeaċt saoiṫeaṁail.
O! do lannaiḃ an am', tá a g-cian,
  O! do na gaisgiḋiḃ cliutaċ',
Do ċosain ceart, mar sgaiṫ na ḃ-fian,
  'S do ḃí lé dian-oirc, cúiteaċ!

II.

O! do na ríġṫiḃ, 'ḃí 'nuair sin ann,
  O! d'a mór-ċúis réimeaṁail;
D'a g-cúṁdaċ ní raiḃ dún no lann,
  Aċt láṁa laoċra céimeaṁail!
'Nuair ḃí sgiaṫ uċta dluṫ, mar ġeall
  Air coinġioll teágasaċ croiḋṫe,
Aig cosaint ó gaċ masla 's feall
  Ard-ċaṫair ġráḋaċ na ríġṫe!
O! do na ríġṫiḃ, 'ḃí 'nuair sin ann,
  O! d'a mór-ċúis réimeaṁail;
D'a g-cúṁdaċ ní raiḃ dún no lann,
  Aċt láṁa laoċra céimeaṁal'!

OH! FOR THE SWORDS.

AIR—*Name unknown.*

I.

Oh! for the Swords of former time!
Oh! for the men who bore them!
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him.
Oh! for the swords, etc.

II.

Oh! for the Kings who flourished then!
Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of free-born men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh! for the kings, etc.

SIÚḂAL, SIÚḂAL A LOING.

Fonn—Dran-dán na bainne.

I.

Siúḃal, siúḃal a loing, gan sgáṫ 'sa t-sruṫ,
Réir mar ṡeolfar tú, an ġaoṫ,
Ní ḃéiḋmuid báiṫte a m-brón ċo duḃ,
A's ḃímar ċeana, feasda ċoiḋċe—
'S se an glór do ḃriseas ó gaċ tonn;
Giḋ an bás ḃeiṫ faoi n-ar smígeaḋ 'nna luiḋe,
Ní'l sinn fuair, cealgaċ mar an drong,
Ar slad a smig' do ċuid ' do ċroiḋe.

II.

Siúḃal leat, siúḃal leat, gan sgiṫ, gan suan,
Triḋ síon, 's triḋ ciúnas, lár na fráiġ',
An ṁuir is buairṫe, is ionnon 's cuan
Do 'n te d' ḟág droċ-ċroiḋṫe air tráiġ
No—buailtear sinn air talaṁ bán,
Air nár ṫuit gaċ fir an ċam-ċroiḋe,
Aig buaireaḋ saoġail de suaircas lán—
Déan ann, 's ná déan go d-ti sin, sgiṫ.

MA ḂEIR SAṀAILT BRÓNA.

Fonn—Air an m-baile so tá an Cúilin.
—No.—
B 'ḟearr liom 'na Eirinn.

I.

Ma ḃeir saṁailt bróna 'gur fíor-criṫe cléiḃe
Aon coṁarṫa cinte air ḋáiṁ agus gaol
Is dearḃṫa gur uait-se, a ṫruaġ-ḋeoraiḋ sléiḃe
Naoṁ Sion, do ṫainic slioċt Eireann a's síol.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR—*The Humming of the Ban.*

I.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark:
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say:
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee".

II.

Sail on, sail on: through endless years—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more.
The stormiest sea 's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profan'd a world that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

YES, SAD ONE OF SION.

AIR—*In this Village is the Cuilin; or, I'd Rather than Ireland.*

I.

Yes, sad one of Sion! if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
If drinking, deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling",
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

II.

Mar ṫu tá ar riġeaċt faoi ġeur-ċeannas briste
'Gur tuitte ó n-a ceann ta an ċróin-ḟleasg 'nna luiḋe,
Tá a báilte 's a sráide mar ḟasaċ bán sgriosta
S a g-ceart lár an lae féin, tá a grian 'neis dul faoi.

III.

Mar do ċlan, tá a deoraiḋe lár dóċais ag filleaḋ,
Fáġail báis ḟad o'n m-baile a ḃeiṫ ann, buḋ se 'mian,
Mar do ṡlioċt, tá a slioċt-san lárduḃ-ḃróin na cille,
A meaṁraḋ laeṫe lonraċ' tá baiṫte a g-cian.

IV.

'S dual a baisteaḋ "bean fásgṫe", mar ṫusa 'n am ársa,
Tá a h-uaisle 'na sgláḃaiḋe 'gus a treun-ḟir gan buaiḋ,
''S na ceolta is binne do ṫig ó n-a cláirsaiġ,
Sé is saṁail dóiḃ osnaiġeal na gaoiṫe air uaiṁ.

V.

Aċt fuair tú do ċúituġaḋ 's ḃí an máraċ a soilsuġaḋ
Do ṫig 'néis an duḃaċain d'a ḟad' í an oiḋċe,
'S an ríġ-ḟlat do ġread ṫu,—fuaḋ an naṁaid a soilsuġaḋ
Mar ġiolċaċ ta briste os do ċoṁair gan aon ḃriġ.

VI.

Óir an ċuaċ searḃ ḃeirfeaḋ an óir-ċaṫair línte,
Ḃí 'ga cur le n-a beul fein 's buḋ cóir, ceart, an ċríoċ,
'S ċur gairdeas air na daoine, faoi n-a geur ċeannas sínte,
An uaill ó n-a ṫallaiḋ 's ó n-a luingis an sgríoċ.

VII.

Uair do ṫuit malaċt neiṁe, ḃí a d-táisge, go ballaċ
Air a ceanaiḋe 's air a ceanfairt luċt-ċreaċta go trom,
'S faoi léir-sgrios fa ḋeire 's aig cnuṁóg faoi ḟalaċ,
Ḃí ban-riġean na riġaċt' 'g a saltairt go lom.

II.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down".

III.

Like thee doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

IV.

Ah! well may we call her, like thee, "the forsaken",
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves.

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre that smote thee with slav'ry and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

When that cup, which, for others, the proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on, heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

VII.

When the curse heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,—
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

ól as an g-cuaċ so.

Fonn—Patruic O'Rafairte.

I.

Ól as an g-cuaċ so, óir béarfaiḋ tu oraid
  Níos as gaċ deor dé, 'nn aġaiḋ aicíd a's eus'lan;
Na traċt air an gean-deoċ, ḃi aig Elín, mar ċaraid,
  Ní raiḃ an cuaċ sin aċt ran-sgeul; so 'n sgala b-fuil cial ann.
Blas as an m-bollóg air a ḃár a tá lonraċ
  Ma 's mian leat an saoġal so do ḋibirt, 's a neulta
Aċt trom-ḟaisc gaċ braon dé, le croiḋe naċ m-beiḋ sganraċ
  Ma 's áil leat ḃeiṫ togṫa ċo h-árd leis na reulta.
Cur ṫart an cuaċ; óir ḃeurfaiḋ tu oraid
  Níos as gaċ deor dé 'nn aġaid aicíḋ a's eus'lan
Na traċt air an gean deoċ, ḃi aig Elín, mar ċaraid,
  Ni raiḃ an cuaċ sin aċt ran-sgeul, so an sgala ḃ-fuil cial ann.

II.

Go fóil riaṁ aon gean deoċ ċo briġṁar níor measgaḋ,
  Le n-ar ceudfaiḋ a ċluanuġaḋ, mar an sgála so líonṁar,
Do tionsgnaḋ a ḋrioċta, an tráṫ ḃi faoi ḃ-fascaḋ
  An grán borrṫa, sgiamaċ, faoi teas foġṁair grianṁair:
An sud 'n éis le téagar an t-samraiḋ, ḃeiṫ buiḋe, bán,
  'Sgeiṫeaḋ balaḋ 'gus blaṫ an t-séasuir buḋ tearṁaiġe,
Ḃi silt as an suġ ud, 'tá mór iongantaċ, fór- lan
  Ċum croiḋṫe do ḃeoċan, ḃeiḋeaḋ fuasruiġṫe d'a easḃa,
O an g-cuaċ mar sid ól óir ḃeurfaiḋ tu oraid
  Níos as ga'ċ deor dé 'nn aġaiḋ aicid a's eus'lan,
Na traċt air an gean-deoċ ḃi aig Eilin mar ċaraid
  Ni raiḃ an cuaċ sin aċt ran-sgeul, so an sgala ḃ-fuil cial ann.

III.

Ci b' ḟeidir—aċt air so ní dualtraċt a coiḋċe—
  Mar an coire 'm-briḋeann geas caille, faireaḋ air, go caoiḋaṁail
Gur raiḃ an gean-deoċ so 'g a ṫarraing san oiḋċe
  Aċt ni laige a ḃriġ sa ṡe ṫéaċt go neaṁ-ḋliġaṁail.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Air—*Paddy O'Rafferty.*

I.

Drink of this cup: you 'll find there 's a spell in
  Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
  Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
  Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
  To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
Send round the cup; for, oh! there 's a spell in
  Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
  Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

II.

Never was philter form'd with such power
  To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
  As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
  With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
  To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup: you 'll find there 's a spell in
  Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
  Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
  Like the caldron the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
  Yet 't is n't less potent for being unlawful.

Naċ cuma, ciḋ fanann air fós, fuiġilleaċ balaḋ
An deataiġ o'n lasair 'ṫug a ḃriġ 'maċ go ballaċ
Cuir an drúċda neaṁ-ċeadaṁail 'sa sgála tá falaṁ
Béarfaid suarcas as croiḋṫe tá annta faoi falaċ.
Ar an g-cuaċ mar sin ól, óir ḃéarfaiḋ tu oraid
Níos as gaċ deor dé, 'nn aġaiḋ aicid a's euṡlán
Na traċt air an gean-deoċ ḃi aig Eilin, mar ċaraid,
Ni raiḃ an cuaċ sin aċt ran-sgeul, so an sgala 'ḃ-fuil cial ann.

O! NA TAṪUIĠ ĊUM FLEIṪE.

Fonn—Plancsti Iarbain.

I.

O na ḃi tuṫuġaḋ ċum fleiṫe na lann'
'N a g-cruinniġeann an t-óg 'gus luċt na baois'
Aċt tar liom féin 's gaḃfair críon-ḃláṫ ann,
D' ḟoirear níos feárr do do ḃrón 's do d' aois.
'Gus ġoḃfam' ar n-doċan deora teo
'Gus ólfam' 'nn ar d-tort, as cuaċ faoi ċoṁar
Ar n-aoiḋe'—táir' ama ċuaiḋ ṫart go deo,
'Gus ar sláinte go ḟuiliḃ a tá faoi 'n úir.

II.

Trá 'n cannaċ a ḃeiṫ go tiuġ a sgeiṫeaḋ
'N ar d-timċioll, duilleoga críon' ó'n geug;
Do ġealtaiḃ fan', beiḋ cuaċ fa leiṫ,
Do ċáirde cailte, d' aṫruiġ 'gus d' eug:
No, do 'n labral aig sgaraḋ a ċraoḃ
Os cionn na h-áite duiḃe, mar sgáṫ;
Do na h-uaiṁiḃ olfam' tá le n-a ṫaoḃ
Ḃ-fuil gaisciġ 'nn a luiḋe gan cliu, gan bláṫ.

What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
  Which in silence extracted its virtues forbidden,
Fill up! there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
  Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup! for, oh! there 's a spell in
  Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
  Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

OH! BANQUET NOT.

Air—*Planxty Irwine.*

I.

Oh! banquet not in those shining bowers,
  Where youth resorts; but come to me,
For mine 's a garden of faded flowers,
  More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
  And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years,
  Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

II.

Then, while the myrtle's withering boughs
  Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We 'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
  To friends long lost, the chang'd, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
  Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We 'll drink to those neglected graves
  Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

'M-beid an ċlarsaċ gan ceol.

Fonn—Caoine ṁic Farlain.

I

'M-béiḋ an ċlarsaċ gan ceol, 'gus an ċeud ḟear ṫug cliú,
D' ar d-tír 'nois uainn tógṫa, ó 'n t-saoġal so go deo,
M-béiḋ filiḋ na h-Eireann, air an uaiṁ gan aon luṫ,
Ḃ-fuil ann fear toisiġ 's déiġ'niġ d' a caraid neaṁ beo.

II.

Ní ḃeiḋ, 's ciḋ gur fann fuaim anċeoil ó n-a ḃeul
Ciḋ a ċruit a ḃeiṫ baiṫte faoi ċeo, mar a ċroiḋe,
Ḃéarfaiḋ fuagraḋ 'n ḋiaiġ sin, lór duḃaċan na neul
Tá air Eirinn, gur lonraċ an réult a ċuaiḋ faoi.

III.

Gaċ ceadfaḋ 'gus cáiliḋeaċt le 'g-cuirtear bárr
Maise air ḋaoine, anns an aigne úd ḃí cruinn,
Raiḃ 'áras 'nn ar measg féin, 'nna ċoṁnuiḋ ann ar lár,
'Gus cadruġaḋ 'nna ḋiaiġ sin, síol Aḋaiṁ gan roinn.

IV.

Cia ṡe ġráḋuiġeas Éire, no ḋearcas an re,
Ṫríd a staire lom', bána, aig eiriġe gan ceo.
Mar ċlogṫeaċ 'sa ḃ-fasaċ, an áit a ḃ-fuil se
'S an glóir tá 'nna ṫimċioll, le feiscint go deo.

V.

Aon ḃall aṁain dealuiġṫte le lannair mór-ċáil,
O duḃaċan 's ó ḃuile na g-cian ḃí gan céim.
'Nuair a d'Eiriġ 's a spreag le n-a ġaeṫe, Inis-fáil
'S tug ṫar teoran na sglaḃaċt', ċum saoirse árd-léim.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

Air—*MacFarlan's Lament.*

I.

Shall the Harp then be silent when he who first gave
  To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
  Where the first—where the last of the Patriots lies?

II.

No! faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
  Tho' his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
  And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost.

III.

What a union of all affections and powers,
  By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
Was embrac'd in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
  While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

IV.

Oh! who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
  Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime,
Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert, where he
  And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time.

V.

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
  And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
  And, for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

VI.

Cia an neaċ a d' éirtiġ a riaṁ le n-aġuṫ
'Gur fós ċoirc le lán-tuile 'breiṫre a ċart,
Raiḃ fíor-ṫobar Eireann a riṫ ṫríd 'n na ṡruṫ
'S a folsuġaḋ 'ṁor-ḟarsnaċt 'gur fós a ṁor-neart.

VII.

Buan-ċaint teaċt le fána gan failliḋ mar áṫan
A taosgaḋ air a ṫuille ciall doiṁin an ċroiḋe,
'S a tasspaint ṫre scaṫan a ṫonna ṁór-lán
Dealraḋ 'gur cruaiḋ-ḃriġ na seoide ḃi faoi.

VIII.

Cia ċeadreaḋ ṡe dealuiġṫe ó ċruinniġṫe, riaṁ,
Air a ṫeallaċ air ḃ' ansa leis gnáċ-coṁnuiġe ann,
'Measg crana 'ḃron Eire 's ar lubaḋ gaċ craoḃ,
Aṁail claonṁar le geug-ḟleasg do ċur air a ċeann.

IX.

Teallaċ do ḃeir ċum ar g-cuiṁne, an fear
Do ṫeilg dé a ġaeṫe 's air a leanḃ do ḃlaoiġ,
Druidim leis gan scanraḋ, no eagla, ċo gar,
A falaċ a ḃeir réim leis, no treiṫe ḃeir gnaoi.

X.

Cia an neaċ do ḃí dearcaḋ air ḃuan-ċuairt an reul
Ṫríḋ ṁolaḋ, no oilḃeim, naċ ḃ-facaiḋ go síor,
Biḋeaḋ soilseaċ le glóire, no fáluiġṫe faoi neul,
Ṡe árduiġṫe os cionn a ċo-ama go fíor.

XI.

Cia an cruinuġaḋ de ḃeusa ḃeir maise d' ar m-biḋ?
Ard-ċeim ḃiḋeas ion-ṁolta, 'gur cuman ḃiḋeas sáiṁ,
'S a ṡamuil le cuṁaċt a's neaṁ-gangad a ċroiḋe,
An leanḃ 's an ċaor-splanca toirne 'nn a láiṁ,

VI.

Who, that ever hath heard him, hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untam'd spring of his spirit, are shown.

VII.

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre", and gave,
With flash of the gem, its solidity too.

VIII.

Who that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread,
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head.

IX.

That home, where, like him who, as fable hath told,
Put rays from his brow, that his child might come near,
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

X.

Is there one who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
At a distance observed him, through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same.

XI.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour—
Of the sweetness we love, of the greatness we praise—
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunder-bolt only pourtrays.

XII

Ní'l aon ċroiḋe do ċeadruiġ se nać ḃ-fuil, faoi ċuṁa,
Fa gur ealuiġ ann aonaċt le n-a ġlóir uainn, an saoi,
'S nać ngulfiḋ air a ṫuama tá tógṫa ó'n uaiṁ,
Ḃ-fuil sgaiṫ na ḃ-fear eagna 'gus treanṁar', 'nna luiġe.

O! 'N T-AṀARC TÓIGFAḊ CROIḊE.

Fonn—Plancrti Sudloiḋ.

I.

O! 'n t-aṁarc ṫóigfaḋ croiḋe,
An reul moċ ṫrid an oiḋċe
Lasaḋ clogaiḋ 's lann
Na Sluaġta teann,
'Gur eitiḋ 'runc 's na gaoṫa
Oir tá treun croiḋṫe léimnuġaḋ,
'S guṫ aḋairc an ċaṫ ' aig géimnuġaḋ,
Le fuaim an gleo
Do ḃearfaḋ cró,
Gan teiṫaḋ coiḋċe ó 'n dréimne
O! an t-aṁarc ṫóigfaḋ croiḋe,
An reul moċ ṫrid an oiḋċe
Lasaḋ clogaiḋ 's lann
Na Sluaġta teann.
'Gur eitiḋ 'runc 's na gaoṫa

II.

Ní'l a g-clogaiḃ, no 'nn eitiḋ aon ḃriġ,
Fiafruiġ tu de 'd dian-riġ,
Ḃ-fuil, measg na réim',
Tá faoi n-a ċéim,
Toġa fir mar sud air aon ċroiḋe,
Fág, aig luċt tá santuġaḋ mór-ċuir,

XII.

Oh! no; not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns
  Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd,
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
  Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind.

OH! THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Air—*Planxty Sudley.*

I.

Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
    O'er files array'd
    With helm and blade.
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
    That song whose breath
    May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
    O'er files array'd
    With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

II.

Yes, 't is not helm nor feather—
For ask yon despot whether
    His plumèd bands
    Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—

Biḋeaḋ saoirse aig fear mar leor-duais
'S ní'l tráil gan briġ,
Tá snaṁ 'n eis riġ
Naċ n-ionnsoċaiḋ se le fór-ġnuis.
Téiḋeann geur-lann' na buaiḋ,
Ṫriḋ clogaiḋ 's ballaiḋ cruaid'.
Ċum saoirse ní'l briġ,
Mar congial croiḋe
A mór-neart cliaḃ' nna luiḋe.
O! 'n t-aṁarc tóigfaḋ croiḋe
An reul moċ ṫrid an oiḋċe,
Lasaḋ clogaiḋ 's lann'
Na Sluaiġṫe teann,
'Gus eitiḋ rinc 'san gaoṫ.

'ĊAOIṀ INNISFAILLIN.

Fonn—An t-óg fear Ceansa.

I

'Ċaoiṁ Innisfáillin! bi tu slán
Biḋeaḋ ort grían-leus agus siṫ,
Do ḋeise luaḋ, do ṫig le lán,
Aċt ó, a ṁoṫuġaḋ, 's le mo ċroiḋe.

II.

Slán, ċaoiṁ Innisfállin, bí
'S biḋeaḋ an leus do ṫimċioll buan,
Ċo saiṁ a's ṫuit le teaċt na h-oiḋċe
Ar ḋearc me 'r d' ins'-siġe, 'gus cuan.

III.

Ḃí tu ro ḃreáġ aig neaċ 'san am
Ar dual-dó aistir anns a' t-sliġe
Le griaṁaisc siubal ṫri ḃealaiġ cam'
Do d' ḟágail aonrac, feasda, ċoiḋċe.

Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever:
'T is heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Air—*The Captivating Youth.*

I.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair is mine.

II.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

III.

Thou wert too lovely then for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

IV.

Gan ṫeaċt níos mó le ais do ṡruṫ,
D'a ḃogaḋ air ṁuir an t-saoġail gan táṁ,
Dearcaḋ ṫriḋ aislin ort 'sa' m-bruṫ.
Mar ḃaile 'ḃ-fuil a leaṫ faoi ṡlaṁ.

V.

'S feárr d' ḟágail ṁar tá me 'sa trá,
A ḃ-fuil ort sgarṫa eadaiġ duḃ'
Na neul, mar ṁaiġdean ann a blaṫ,
A m-biḋeann faoi ḃrón a gne 's a cruṫ.

VI.

Oir ciḋ d' ionnan ni'l le fáġail
A sgeiṁ, ní aṁail ṫú mar ḃí;
'S mar áit ṫu, falluiġṫe 'nois le sgáil,
'N do ṫoróċaḋ neaċ, ḃeiḋeaḋ tursaċ, sgiṫ.

VII.

'Nna d' toróċaḋ sgiṫ ' geaḃfaḋ ann,
Smuid mar ḃi 'ḃ-parrṫas air an lá
Raiḃ cranna crom, mar tá gaċ crann
Ar leat, faoi ḋeora 'gur faoi sgáṫ

VIII.

A gul, no smígeaḋ Innis ḃreáġ!
'S fos níos breaġa lán deora 's neul,
Tu ḃeiṫ faoi smíg ciḋ 's anaṁ an trá,
Ḃiḋeann si lonraċ, mar neaṁ-reul.

IX.

Mar ṡiad le 'r anaṁ sians' a m-biḋeann,
A sasuġaḋ tria do ṫig, a g-croiḋe;
An gaċ is lonraiġe ṫeilg an ġrian,
Le taoḃ do lóċrain, tá gan briġ.

IV.

No more along thy shores to come,
But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

V.

Far better in thy weeping hours,
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bow'rs,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thee, hung weeping o'er his way!

VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is Heav'n's own glance, when it appears.

IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine,
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine.

Buḋ aon de na h-aislin'.

Fonn—Abran na g-Coilte.

I.

Buḋ aon de na h-aislin' ḃeir ceol leis 'sa n-oiḋċe
Mar slaṁ eatrom raṁraiḋ dul treasna ṫar croiḋe
An ḟile ḃiḋeas báiṫte le roiṁ-ṁeaṁair a g-ceo,
'S an saoġal aċt a ṁilseaċt uaiḋ ealuiġṫe go deo.

II.

Sí an aill áine 'snaṁ cuige treasna ó 'n toinn,
Le 's gnaṫaċ do ḃeiṫ ċanaḋ creaċ' Eireann go binn;
'S ó innis glas Dinis go cuan glean' na g-craoḃ,
Ḃi gaeṫe an ġeur-aḋairc 'g a sgapaḋ air gaċ taoḃ.

III.

d'Eist co'ad 's ḃi an lag-fuaim a ċongḃuġaḋ le sgiṫ,
Os cionn na h-ard neide, 'raiḃ an t-iolar 'nn a luiḋe,
'S le eagla go n-eagfaḋ an riġ-ceol, do ġáir
Binn-ċeol an mac-ala,—a taḃairt air, fáir.

IV.

Do saoilfaḋ gaċ fan-ḟuaim nar b' ḟeidir le cluas,
Do ċluinstáil go h-ísiol ḃeiṫ 'g a dusaċt fuas,
Air barraiḃ na sliabta,—neaṁ áirid na m-beann,
Raiḃ an ceol d' eug air talaṁ g' a aṫ-ḃeoḋaċan ann.

V.

Na tóig air, 's se aig éisteaċt le ceolta binn' buan',
Ṫug d' a ainm briġ áirid le n-a ċosaint ó ḟuan
'S ó ḟostáċt an ḃáis;—da g-cluinfeaḋ stiġ beo,
'Mar sud air mac alla ḃéarfar d' ainm go deo.

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

Air—*The Song of the Woods.*

I.

'T was one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

II.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glena's wooded shore.

III.

He listen'd—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again.

V.

Oh! forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

VI.

Mar sud da m-beiḋeaḋ báiṫte 'nois d' ainm faoi sgáil,
Brisfaḋ amaċ ann am tráṫaṁail, ó 'n smuid duḃ do ċáil,
'S tríḋ cianta fad ama, béid d' aḃrain 's do ṫuaḋ,
Le croiḋṫe 's guṫ Eireann 'g a g-canaḋ 's 'g a luaḋ.

AḂRAN INNISE FÁIL.

Fonn—Pegiḋ Ḃán.

I.

Do ṫainic ó ċríċ taoḃ ṫál de'n ḃ-fráiġ,
'Gus tríd an ṁuir siar go beo,
Sgaol a g-cuid seolta breáġ ó 'n tráiġ
Ċum talṁán na Spáine teo.
'O' cá ḃ-fuil an Innis,—cnoċ ar slíġe
Do facas dúinn a d-táṁ
Do seinn air maidin tra ḃí cóir-ġaoṫ
'G a seolaḋ ṫrid an t-snáṁ

II.

Agus feuċ ḃ-fad uainn air ḃarr na d-tonn
Ḃ-fuil lóċran soilseaċ glas,
Aṁail 's da m-beiḋeaḋ sínte faoi na m-bunn
Smearóga soilseaċ' deas'
Sí Innis Fáil; sí Innis Fáil!
'Seinneaḋ ó 'n ṁuir go binn,
A g-coṁnuiġeann an saor 's an treun réir cáil'
Freagaḋ arís ó 'n toinn.

III.

'Nois d' iompuiġ ċum na soir-ṁuir searc
Raiḃ rosg a n-Dé an lae
Teilgean go grianṁar air a ḋearc
'Sgeiṫ air aer 's air uisg' a rae.

VI.

" Even so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,
" 'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
" And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
"Through the answering future, thy name and thy song".

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

Air—*Peggy Bawn.*

I.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
   And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
   From the sunny land of Spain.
" Oh! where 's the Isle we 've seen in dreams,
   " Our destin'd home or grave ?"
Thus sung they, as by the morning beams,
   They swept th' Atlantic wave.

II.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
   A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
   Whose light thro' the wave was seen.
" 'T is Innisfail! " 't is Innisfail!"
   Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
   That home of the brave and free.

III.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
   Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
   As lighted up sea and sky.

Aċt ní raiḃ aon deor air duil' no air ḟód
No, air ṁuir, no air aer aon sgáil
Trá ċóig ar sinsear 'nuas an scód
Air ċuan na h-Innse Fáil.

CIḊ GUR TAIR LIOM AN ḞLEIḊ.

Fonn—Slán leat Eamoin.

I

Ciḋ gur táir liom an ḟleiḋ, ḟuarais cuireaḋ a freastail,
Gabfair tóġa' ḃ-fuil aig bord boċt le cur air an g-clar
Beiḋ suiliḋ geal', lonraċ' do d' ḟailtuġaḋ le geastail
Agus giollaċt an ċumain air an ḃ-fleiḋ 'cur bárr.

II.

Is réir cosaṁail gur euluiġ ríġ an t-saoġail so ó ṫeallaċ
An te úd d'a ṫugais roinn ṁór de do ġnaoi
Gabfair tabartais is aille no táinte go ballaċ
A soilsiuġaḋ a ċois-céim a siubal anns an t-sliġe.

III.

Le saoirse na h-intine naċ feidir a ċasaḋ
Le táir-ceannas treun biṫ, ó dire'as na sliġe
Biḋeas gan cuibriġ air eitioll, 'gus aigne faoi lasaḋ
Le dóiġ 'g ionsuiḋe 'n loċrain a santuiġ a ċroiḋe.

IV.

Is so iad a ḃeirear d' a ḃeaṫa a dilse
Agus leis, ciḋ go ḃ-fuil a ċiste ro-gann
Biḋeann saor-gaeṫe a ġarrḋa go mór-ṁór níos milse
'Na an túis tearc m-biḋeann uaḃar aig fáġail taiṫneaṁ ann.

V.

Tarraiḋ a's ma 's feidir le fleiḋ boċt an ḟile
Do ṫarraingt ó ṁórḋaċt, geabfair, ní ṡe an dioġa,
Agus cluinféar na binn-ċeoilte ḃearḟas duit bile
Mo mná searc' aig singeaḋ aig teaċt le mo ṫaoḃ.

Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
  Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
  Our great forefathers trod.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

AIR—*Farewell, Eamon.*

I.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
  Thou 'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes beaming with welcome shall throng round to light thee,
  And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

II.

And tho' Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
  Of him thou regardest, her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift all her treasures excelling,
  Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

III.

'T is that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
  Can turn from the path a clear conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart and no chain on the pinion,
  Holds upward its course to the light which it loves.

IV.

'T is this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
  And, with this, tho' of all other treasures bereav'd,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
  Than the costliest incense Pomp e'er receiv'd.

V.

Then, come: if a board so untempting hath power
  To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there 's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
  Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine

'S NAĊ Ḃ-FAĠMUID Ó ĊRUINNUĠAḊ' MAR SO CIÚTUĠAḊ' LÁN

Fonn—Ní'l fios air.

I.

'S naċ ḃ-faġmuid ó ċruinnuġaḋ mar so ciútuġaḋ lán
  Air son na m-bliaḋanta measg coigriġ' do ḃí
'S caraid aimsire na h-óige ó'r euluiġear le fán,
  Mo ṫimċioll ċo suairc a's ḃí 'n uair sin a g-croiḋe.
Ciḋ soillsiġeann ar malaiḋ lorg sneaċta na h-aoise
  Mar na h-Alpa air a sineann dul síos dí an grian
A gaeṫe: beiḋmuid euduiġ' le óg-rós' na baoise
  Trá sinn a ḃeiṫ lasta san ḃ-fleiḋ so le fíon.

II.

Naċ moṫuġamail na cuiṁniḋ tig orainn le Linn,
  Ar g-cairde 'rís ḟeicsint, 'sa 'ḃeiṫ rís eisteaċt a n-guṫ!
'S gaċ brón, a's gaċ gairdeas ann a raiḃ aca roinn
  A ċruinnuġaḋ mar tairiḃ an lae nae go tiúġ.
Mar leitréaċ' neaṁ-leursgaċ' do léiġtear 'sa tráṫ
  M-biḋeann na dilleog' air aġaiḋ' na lasraċ' teo
Is iomḋá moṫuġaḋ nár croṫnuiġeaḋ ḃeir téagar a's gráḋ
  Fleaḋ teigraċ mar so 'maċ go soilseaċ a's go beo.

III.

Mar so tráṫ duinn sineaḋ ar seolta go cuiṁneaċ
  Cum árais ar n-óige triḋ ṁuir buarṫa ar m-biṫ
Do ċiḋmuid aig breaṫnuġaḋ trid na tonta go saiṁneaċ
  Móran doiġṫe luing-ḃriste ṡíos sinte 'nna luiḋe.
Aċt fós le linn dearcaḋ air deire na m-blaṫ.
  Sgeiṫ sgeiṁ' áluinn' garrḋa triḋ iomlan an ċuain
Biḋeann feaḋ gearr aimsire ar g-ceudfaiḋ' faoi sgáṫ
  'S tig aoiḃnis na h-oige ṫrid aislin ar suain.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

Air—*Unknown.*

I.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
  For all the long years I 've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
  As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Tho' haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
  The snow-fall of life may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
  We 'll wear the gay tint of youth's roses again.

II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart
  In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
  Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
  When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
  The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide
  To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft' we may see, looking down on the tide,
  The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flow'rs,
  That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
  And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

IV.

Tá an saoġal so ċo neaṁ-ḃuan 'san n-am ann ċo gearr
Naċ ḃ-faġam' air ar g-cairde aċt lag-leus neaṁ-ġrinn,
'Gus 's iomḋa sgaiṫ suaircis do ṫuiteas air lár
De diṫḃáil croiḋe ceanaṁal' gar duinn, le n-a roinn.
O! níor ṁór ar ṁuiniġin n-eis ċríoċnuġaḋ ar m-biṫ
Ḃeiṫ seilḃ air aoiḃneas gan críoċ 'gus gan sgáil,
Ní'l aċt smig no breiṫ-láiṁe aig deíṫfruġaḋ 'sa t-sliġe
O n-a ċeile san t-saoġal so a n-dán dúinn le faġail.

V.

Aċt is aṁlaiḋ, is mó 'r ḃ-fáilte, 's ar m-beannaċt le linn
Cuairt anaṁ an t-siomsa aig tógḃail ar g-croiḋe
Euluiġeas trá scaram' a's tig trá biḋeam' cruinn
Mar na teas-eunlaiḋ 'g eitioll aig an geiṁriaḋ cur faoi.
'Noir sul da n-ólam' tugaḋ searc-cuman geall,
'Cur ṫart na cuaice 's a breiṫ láṁ 'air laiṁ
Ċo luaṫ 's ionsóċas gáirdeas no duḃrón aon ḃall
Go g-cruṫiḋ' leis iomlán an t-slaḃraiḋ le dáiṁ.

TÉIĠ ṪRID AN DOṀAN 'GUS TÓIRIĠ GAĊ DAIL.

Fonn—Plancsti O'Raġallaiġ.

I.

Téiġ ṫrid an doṁan 'gus tóiriġ gaċ dáil,—
'S ní ḃ-fuiġ ait ċo saor a's tá aig File le Fáġail;
Mar ḟuiseóg an aer do ḟeinneas go binn,
'S mar an ḟuiseóg a sgéiṫ ann gaċ áit a rinn,
Sruṫ ceoil do riṫeas go ciún síor ḃeo
'S naċ tromuiġeann a ḃarr go deo.
Tá dó-san an saoġal, mar áit comnuiḋe siġe
'M-bíḋeann siad a rinc le linn geallaiġe na h-oiḋċe
'S ma ṁilteas an ḃainseog air a leagaḋ a g-céim,
Ċum bainseoig' níos glaise, súd leo de léim.
Mar súd ma ṫig duḃaċan air siams' no sgiṫ
Ċum siams' eile teiḋeann 'sa t-sliġe.

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft' even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss.
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

V.

But come! the more rare such delight to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more:
They 're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain

THE WANDERING BARD.

Air—*Planxty O'Reilly.*

I.

What life like that of the bard can be—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
A fount that for ever flows?
The world 's to him like some play-ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;—
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod:
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

II.

Cia d' éiriocaḋ de 'n deise is sgiamaṁla bláṫ
Gan file 'g a coiṁeud síor úr faoi sgáṫ,
Le leur cros-ċuairt na geallaiġe, faġṫar réir Sgeul,
Na neiṫe a cailtear air talaṁ faoi neul.
Mar súd n-éis imṫeaċt do 'n maise o'n t-saoġal
Ann runn an ḃaird maireann dé fuiġioll
Ma's áil leat smigeaḋ ḃeiṫ taiṫneaṁail, sior,
Taḃair do 'n te iad ḃ-fuil aige go fíor
Cumas le béim de ḟleasg na riġe,
A g-congḃail ga eugaḋ n-eis ar m-biṫ,
'G a g-crocaḋ go lonraċ a speur na m-bard
Og-reulta síor-beo 'g ór-árd.

III.

Fáilte do 'n Ḟile ann gaċ baile o 'a m-biḋeann
Ciḋ 's iomad áit ann a m-brostuiġeann a ċlaon
Le eitioll neaṁ-ċuiḃreaċ aig dul gan sgiṫ
'Nois a's arís; 'na deiġ sin, se a ġnaoi,
Tuirlint ain talaṁ ċum suairceas faġail
Aṁail a's ḃeireas an Ḟleiḋ so a's dáil;
Is cuma cia an fad tá an aisdir no an luas
Ní 'l agad aċt óg-suile a lasaḋ suas,
Leus coṁarṫa mar tá ann so go léir,
Agus tiocfaiḋ an file a nuas ó 'o speur
Cia 'r biṫ ait ann a g-cluinfaiḋ cuireaḋ dó, gáir
Le gráḋ, no le suairceas,—ḃéarfar air, fáir.

A RUIN CUIR ORT 'SA TRAṪ.

Fonn—Cuma liom.

I.

A Rúin cuir ort 'sa tráṫ,
Na gaeṫe so soilseaċ' grianṁar'
'S ṫar an innis tá glas faoi ḃlaṫ
Ḃéarfad ṫu go claonṁar,

II.

Oh ! what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom ?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found :
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on.—
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim ?
You 've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die !

III.

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes ;
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth, and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You 've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here ure given,—
And down he 'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he 's wanting on earth !

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Air—*Cuma liom.*

I.

Fairest ! put on awhile
   These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own Green Isle
   In fancy let me wing thee.

Sgiaṫa Ariel go fós a riaṁ
   Lár sgáil luiḋe-lae níor síneaḋ'
Air ċriċ ċo deas air gaċ taoḃ
   'S le aitios do ċroiḋe 'g a líonaḋ.

II.

Maġa 'm-biḋean earraċ go deo
   'Fuireaċt go deo neaṁ-sgaṫṁar
Le gaeṫe na greine teo
   Gan sgiaṫ aċt a ḋeora blaṫṁar'
Mearg craoḃa muirṫil árd-ċraig'
   Go teann 's go bagraċ suiḋte
Mar ṁalaiḋ laoiċ neaṁ-lag
   Raiḃ orra craoḃ gráḋ' fiġte.

III.

Innse ċo h-úr gan sgiṫ
   Naċ raiḃ eun a riaṁ naċ seassaḋ
Aig eitioll ḋó 'sa t-sliġe
   'Cum cuairt airṫa, 'nuair naċ g-cassaḋ
Sud saṁail a óiġ an deaġ-deilḃ
   Ḃ-fuil ċo meurṫa a n-dearcaḋ
Go d-tuirliġeann gean neiṁe fáġail seilḃ
   Air seoide mearg mna, ċo tearca.

IV.

Loċa a m-biḋeann neaṁnaid 'sa linn
   'S cláire le seoide líonṁar,
Co geal leis na deora cruinn
   Do ṫig ó do ṡúliḃ grianṁar'.
'S gleanta a ḃ-faġann annta suan
   An ṁuir ó ḃruṫ ḃorḃ-gaoiṫe
'S callaiḋ ḃeir fasgad ḃuan
   Do 'Seóltaiḃ saor' Eireann coiḋċe.

V.

Coḟad a's beiḋeas—'s a ḃ-fuil deas a's mór
   Le áitios do ċroiḋe 'g a líonad'
Ma ḃiḋeann ċum uaill' go leor
   As do ṫír féin gráḋaċ aig claonaḋ

Never did Ariel's plume
  At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom
  As I shall waft thee over.

II.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
  And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
  With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
  In grace majestic frowning;
Like some bold warrior's brows
  That Love hath just been crowning.

III.

Islets, so freshly fair,
  That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air
  He hath been won down by them;
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
  Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
  From Heav'n, without alighting.

IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
  And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
  Lets fall in lonely weeping.
Gems, where Ocean comes
  To 'scape the wild winds' rancour,
And Harbours, worthiest homes
  Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

V.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
  So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
  Should haply be stealing o'er thee,

O! biḋeaḋ, as túr, geur-ċaoiḋ'
   Os cionn uaḃair go brónṁar
Gur ṁill laṁ fear an ċríċ
   'Cum Dia na n-dúl ċo glórṁar.

AIR MAIDIN AR M-BEAṪA.

Fonn—Rós beag an ḟoġṁair.

I.

Air ṁaidin ar m-beaṫa 's a ḃrón fos faoi sgáṫ
   'S an siamsa 'g a ḟoillsiuġaḋ go h-úr air ar sliġe
'Nuair is linn féin an saoġal atá iomlán faoi ḃláṫ
   'Sa leur tá 'n-ar d-timcioll tig sgeite ó 'n g-croiḋe.
Ni gnasaṁail! seaḋ, creid me 'san am úd do 'n gráḋ,
   Beiṫ sriaġalta mar 's dual faoi ċuing céile 'gus aois
Do smuigeaḋ 's do ṁuiniġin breaġ grianṁar, se an tráṫ,
   Aċt is teagaraiġe an cuman n-éis eoluġaḋ do 'n m-baois

II.

'Nuair imṫiġeas gan filleaḋ sgaiṫ ar n-oige go deo
   Mar ḋilleog 'g a seolaḋ le fána 'sa t-sruṫ
'Nuair ḃlasas ar sgála le siams' lonraċ beo
   Braon de'n cuaċ eile tá síor searḃ, duḃ.
Súd, Súd, an t-am a m-biḋeann searc-cuman croiḋe
   Foillsiuġaḋ dilse naċ d-tuigeann siamsa go h-eug
Gráḋ beirtear as buaireaḋ, mar an m-buaireaḋ sior biḋ
   'N gráḋ a oiltear le tlaċt, ní'l mar tlaċt ann,—aċt breug.

III.

A g-cruiċiḃ geal' grianṁar' giḋ is aoiḃin a m-ḃláṫ
   Is lag é an balaḋ ó n-a gogain, a's fann
Sí an speur féin tá ceaṫaċ faoi neultaiḃ a's faoi sgaṫ
   Beir 'maċ a imlseaċt go h-ionlán neaṁ-ġann.
A'S sunda, seaḋ lastar na h-anċlaonta teo
   Aċt a mbrón, seaḋ a feictear an cuman tá fíor
Ciḋ as smigiḋ é ḟoillsuġaḋ air d-túr ṫarla dó
   As deora tarrangtar a ṁilseaċt go fíor.

Oh! let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious,
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious!

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

Air—*The Little Harvest Rose.*

I

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh! 't is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may:—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

III.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
The sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
'T is the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

TRÁṪ EIRE ḂEIṪ.

Fonn—Uisge na Boinne.

I.

Tráṫ Eire ḃeiṫ air ḃruaċ an linn'
Na Boinne an ṁi-áḋ' cráiḋte
Dearc 'n áit ar ṫeilg an t-Strig 's an toinn
An Taisg' a raiḃ gaeṫe ann saiṫte,
" A ġaeṫe niṁaṁail," árd do ḃlaoiġ,
" Fanaiḋ ann sin faoi ḟalaċ"
" Oir tá siḃ smearṫa le fuil croiḋe"
" 'Ḋoirt gaisgiḋ' dam go ballaċ."

II.

Aċt tá 'gul 's a guiḋé gan aon ḃriġ,
Mar foillsiġeas bailte bána;
An Andreas 'bliantaṁail tíg gan sgiṫ
Agus teiḋeann 'sa t-sruṫ le fána:
'Gus ḃeir as gaeṫe niṁaṁail teo,
'g a sgaoleaḋ go teann treunṁar
Measg daoine a tá buile-ḃeo
'Ga g-congḃail go sior, leunṁar

III.

Mo nuair! go Eirinn na súl táis'
Air ḃruaċ na Boinne sínte;
Tigeann aindreas gan aon tuirse air ais,
'S a taisg' le gaeṫc líonta.
O Ḋia! 'm-béiḋ tiarma! le trom ġuṫ
Air m' anṡoġ,—lá 'gus oiḋċe
Sgreadann, a's freagras Deaṁon ó 'n t-sruṫ,
" Ní ḃeiḋ, ní ḃéiḋ, a ċoiḋċe."

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

AIR—*The Boyne Water.*

I.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid", she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
 "Where mortal eye may shun you.
"Lie hid: the stain of manly hearts
 "That bled for me, is on you".

II.

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
 As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
 His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Through all her madd'ning nation.

III.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
 Ev'n now, beside that river!—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stor'd is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?'
 She weeping asks for ever:
But only hears, from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, "Never!"

Ḃeiṫ siuḃal tri cruinneaḋ lán de ċraḋ.

Fonn—Siúḃail a Rúin.

I.

Ḃeiṫ siuḃal tri ċruinneaḋ lán de ċráḋ
'S de ċuṁa faoi gur d' euluiġ an ḃlaṫ
Sgap súile meangaċ' 's ceolta binn
Air fúd an ċosáin le n-ar linn
Súd, Súd, an íod go deo
Ḃeiḋeas air gaċ neaċ d' a ḃ-fanfaiḋ ḃeo
'N-éis eug na g-carad ċuaiḋ faoi ṡuan
'S a sileaḋ, 'd-fanfaḋ linn go buan.

II.

Ciḋ ta dream óga 'fás gaċ lá
Ni dúinn tá a smigeaḋ 'n-dán sa tráṫ,
Tá 'teastail uaṫa an lóċran síġe,
Naċ ḃ-faġṫar aċt le gean an ċroiḋe.
Ca ḃ-fuil, ca ḃ-fuil an ṁallaiḋ ṁín
No an coṁraḋ ceannaiṁail, ceolṁar, caoin,
Ciḋ táim 'ga d-tóirriġeaċt ann gaċ dáil,
A lorg, ní'l faraoir! le fáġail.

III.

Tá stuam luċt cumṫa gan aon ḃríġ
Mar d-tig leis dúraċt anns an g-croiḋe
Gaċ tláiṫ ṫug dúinn suile beo
Tá faraoir! baiṫte 'nois faoi ċeo.
Ni fusa croiḋe an te tá crom
Faoi uallaċ aoise a's buaireaḋ trom,
Le téagair siams' arís a ṫeiġeaḋ
No, a ṫaḃairt air ais ó leaba créaḋ

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

AIR—*Siubhal A Rúin.*

I.

Alone in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes belov'd
Shed round us once, where'er we rov'd—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who 've lov'd, and liv'd to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, fly away.

II.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

III.

Oh! what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no,—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

IS TRUAĠ GAN ME A Ḃ-FOĊAR SRUṪ'.

Fonn—B'ḟeárr liom go m-beiḋinn air an g-cnoc úd ṫall.

I.

Is truaġ gan me a ḃ-foċar sruṫ'
Na loċa ciúinṁar' ḃrónaċ' duḃ',
Ann a d-teiḋeann aiṫriġiġ ó 'n t-saoġal roiṁ rae
Ann eidiġ' báis, sul dul faoi 'n g-cré:
Ann sin do ġeaḃfainn didion 's cuan
'S a ḃ-fad ó 'n t-saoġal tá mealltaċ,—suan;
Ni ġoillfeaḋ pian;—air ṡiamr' 's a ċeilg
Ni ċuirfinn feasd' a coiḋċe seilg.

II.

An t-aer mar ċill gan leaċta ḃiṫ,
Fuaim trom na sruṫ' naċ ḃ-feicṫear faoi;
Na dilleog' crion' ó ḃárr na g-cránn,
Mor ṫaiḃriḋ luasgan ṫar do ċeann;
So ṡiad, so ṡiad 'ḃeir do 'n croiḋe
Fior air ċluan an t-saoġail 's 'neaṁ-ḃriġ,
'Gur mar na silleog' le cinn crom'
Ḃeir buill 'na uaiġe smuainte trom'

III.

An ċoineall soilseaċ duinn do las,
Ċum codlaḋ ḟáġail do cuirtear as,
Mar súd gaċ doiġe do sprag an croiḋe
Ċum suaiṁnis sealbuġaḋ is dual do ċlaoiḋ.
Is fuar, fuar mo ċroiḋe do ḃeiḋear
Gan aṫruġaḋ ó ḋuḃaċan no ó leur
Mar tobar fastuiġṫe a slaḃraiḋ seac
Iompuiġear a d-tleigṫear ann, 'nna leac

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

Air—*I wish I was on yonder hill.*

I.

I wish I was by that dim lake
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

II.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round,
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharg'd with gloom,
Like willows downward tow'rds the tomb.

III.

As they who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold this heart must grow,
Unmov'd by either joy or wo,
Like freezing founts, where all that 's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

AḂRAN ROIṀ LAE AN ĊOGAIḊ.

Fonn—Crúiscín Lán.

I.

Co cinnte as támuid beo
Béiḋmuid 'maraċ anns an gleo,
  Le beiṫ buaḋaċ, no anns an ár 'n-ar luiḋe:
Tá an ṁaidin fáinuġaḋ bán
'Gus le fíon ar sgála lán,
  'S ólam' deoċ, roiṁ duinn triall anns an t-sliġe, anns an t-sliġe,
  'S ólam' deoċ roiṁ duinn triall anns an t-sliġe.

II.

Trí súilib misniġ móir,
Brisfeann 'maċ go minic deor,
  Meaṁruġaḋ ar g-cáirde fagaḋ aonraċ a g-cúl
Aċt naċ diṁaoin beiṫ silt braon
Co'ad tá sgála sgardaḋ fíon'
  'S le n-a ḋeoraiḃ diḃream' uainn deor ar sul, deor ar súl, etc.

III.

Tá solus geal an lae,—
An la deiġionaċ 'scar a ġae
  Air ar leinḃ a rinc ar d-timpioll le soġ:
A máraċ roiṁ an oiḋċe
Ca m-béiḋmuid 's iad n-ar luiḋe?
  Aċt naċ cuma!—sastuiġiḋ an lann ċum an gleo;—ċum an gleó, etc.

IV.

Fanaḋ an meud ta feaċta, faon
Faoi ċuing Sacsan a's Loċlan deann
  Faireaḋ griosaiġ an teallaiġ san tráṫ
Aon usna air son ar d-tiġ
'S go neaṁ suas orṫa ó ċroiḋe
  'S air son Eireann' gus a clainn' hurra! hurra! hurra!
  'S air son Eireann 'gus a clainn' hurra!

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME, THE NINTH CENTURY.

AIR—*Cruiskín Lan.*

I.

To-morrow, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
  There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning-star is up,—
But there 's wine still in the cup,
  And we 'll take another quaff ere we go, boy, go:
  We 'll take another quaff ere we go.

II.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
  When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet 's weeping too!
  With its tears we 'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
  With its tears we 'll chase away our own.

III.

But daylight 's stealing on;—
The last that o'er us shone
  Saw our children around us play:
The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
  But—no matter—grasp thy sword, and away, boy, away;
  No matter—grasp thy sword, and away!

IV.

Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
  Ignobly by their firesides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
  Then for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
  Then for Erin and her cause, hurra!

Leag an Lann le n-a ṫaoḃ.

Fonn—Da ḃuḋ duḃaċ an ṁuir lán.

Leag an lann le n-a ṫaoḃ,—raiḃ a ċoingioll ro fíor
  Gan a ċur leis 'san g-cré ann a ḃ-fuil faoi ṫaiṁ
Cneasta ann gaċ am, sul d'ar ṫuit ó'n láṁ saor
  Ḃi 'ḃárr iompuiġṫe 's é air teiṫeaḋ fós 'n-aġaiḋ an naṁ.
Co-oibriġṫe le n-a m-beo, teiḋeaḋ ċum suain taoḃ le taoḃ,
  Mar is cuiḃe do ḋís treunṁar' dul ċum sgiṫ,
An lann iómlán ann a sgáṫ 'raiḃ gean aige a riaṁ
  'S é féin buaḋaċ 'san uaiġ 'nna luiḋe.

II.

Aċt éist; óir, a silim beiṫ aig eisteaċt le guṫ
  Teaċt a níos ó 'n g-croiḋe treun a ḃi dáiṁaṁail le buaiḋ
Fann freagairt air an geur-gráig do ḃris mar ṫeann-sruṫ
  Air ċluais daoinse aig fuagraḋ, "bris ḃur slaḃraiḋ cruaiḋe":
Agus gáireann as an uaiġ ann a g-codlann an luan,
  Ciḋ tá lá ar d-toisiġ go síor faoi ċeo,
O! na fagaiḋ a lann, neaṁ ġlóirṁar faoi ṡuan
  'S ċum buaiḋe tá fos ann, deo.

III.

Da ngaḃfaḋ ann féin aon ċoigriġeaċ gan céim a's gan cliú
  Buaint leat, mo lann féin, sínte ann do sgaṫ
Mar cloiḋeaṁ draoiḋeaċta faoi ṡeula go dluṫ,
  No fill go h-uaiġ do ṫiġearna gan céim le n-a ċráḋ.
Aċt ma ḟastuiġeann aon láṁ treun-ġaisgiġ saoir
  Ċleaċt lann geal mar ṫu imirt 'san g-caṫ le céim,
Le blaoiḋ saoirse ligṫe go luaṫ mar an ċaor
  As d' ṫruaill bi amuiġ arus de léim.

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

AIR—*If the sea were ink.*

I.

Lay his sword by his side, it hath serv'd him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'rers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,
That sword which he lov'd still unbroken in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

II.

Yet pause! for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;—
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep:
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
"Oh! leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
"It hath victory's life in it yet!

III.

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
"Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
"Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
"Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
"But if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
"Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
"Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
"Leap forth from thy dark sheath again".

O ÁRAIN ṀÓIR!

Fonn—Aonaċ Cille ḋrongaill.

I.

O Árain ṁóir! ċaoiṁ! Árain ṁoir!
  Is iondual anns an oiḋċe,
Do smuainim ort trá ḃi me óg
  'Gur luaiṫneaċ mar an ġaoṫ.
Ciḋ siuḃal me beallaiġ cam' an t-saoġail
  Aig toíréaċt seuin a's suain
Ní ḃ-fuair me an sog buḋ cleaċtaċ liom
  Go h-uaigneaċ air do ċuan.

II.

Buḋ ṁoċ air ḃruaċ na h-aille me,
  Aig fáinuġaḋ an lae le fonn;
'S mo ċroiḋe ċo leimneaċ leis na m-baid
  Ḃi rinc air ḃárr na d-tonn:
No, 'nuair a lasuiġeaḋ an ṁuir ḋuḃ
  Le ór-sgáil lae aig dul faoi
Do ṫóirriġeas Parṫas anns a' t-sruṫ,
  A lár an lóċrain ḃuiḋe.

III.

An Parṫas 'a g-coṁnuiġeann sgaiṫ na ḃ-Fian
  'D-Tír áluin úr gan eug,
A ciḋtear aig dul luiḋe do 'n ġréin
  Mar sgeuluiġeas filiḋeaċt ḃreug.
'Ḃ-fuil finn' ann,—'sna "tiġṫe 'toinn",
  Tá aig euluġaḋ uainn gan sgiṫ,
'Siad saṁail aisling óig' neaṁ-grinn'
  Co granṁar 's fós gan ḃriġ.

O ARANMORE, LOV'D ARANMORE!

Air—*Killdronghall Fair.*

I.

O Aranmore, lov'd Aranmore!
How oft' I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore.
I wander'd young and free!
Full many a path I 've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

II.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I 've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danc'd along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing
Have sought that Eden in the light
Which dreaming poets sing;

III.

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,—
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave
At sunset, oft' are seen.
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
As sunny and as vain!

SEINN A ĊAOIṀ ĊRUIT!

Fonn—Ní'l fios air.

I.

Seinn a ċaoiṁ-ċruit, dam-sa feinn
Ceol air an am a ḃi,
A dusóċas le n-a gaeṫe binn'
Brón cuiṁne ann ar g-croiḋe:
Ceol a ṁeaṁróċas dúinn árd-tuaḋ
Sgeiṫ solais air ar sliġe,
'Gus gaisgiḋ ṁór' le baird 's luaḋ
'S doiġe 'nois, faoi smúid na h-oiḋċe.
Seinn a ċruit ċaoiṁ, dam-sa feinn,
Is ionnan ar g-cran go deo,
Do 'n t-saoġal so, feard' ni ḃaineann sinn
A g-cian aṁáin tám' beo.

II.

Naċ brónaċ osnaiġeal gaeṫ' na h-oiḋċe
Measg do ċeuda fann!
Aṁail stáirḋeaċt tuairisg guṫ na riġ
Nar cluineaḋ le fad' ann:
Guṫ cinnfeart 'tá 'nois faoi gáil,
Raiḃ a d-tuaṫ, reir mear' síor-ḃuan
'Guis filiḋ sealḃaḋ céim' a's cáil'
Gan ainm 'nois faoi suan.
A ċruit 'tá osnaiġil guṫ na h-oiḋċe.
Measg do ċeud' fann
Is diṁaoin tuairisc guṫ na riġ
Le fada naċ raiḃ ann.

SING, SWEET HARP.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh! sing to me
Some song of early days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory
Long buried dreams shall raise:—
Some ray that tells of vanish'd flame,
Whose light once round us shone:
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

II.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by:
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

III.

Dár b 'ḟeidir duit-se blaoċ air ais
  Cum na boṫan geug
Na gaisgiḋ' o 'éist leat, anois 'nna d-táis'
  A's sostaċ 'neis dóiḃ eug
Cad fáṫ, ní éiroċaiḋ cúiṁ' le deor,
  Beiṫ ciuṁnuġaḋ brúid' clan daor.
Fag iad. mar sin, faoi ṫaṁ go leor,
  Tá na mai, ḃ aṁain saor.
Sost, a ċruit ċrom ceuil na h-uaiṁ'
  Fuaim fuagraḋ luiḋe lae.
Na saoirse no 'g éisteaċt leat le cúiṁ',
  Teiḋeam, feasda' sios faoi 'n g-cré.

III.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
  Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
  Now mute and mould'ring all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
  Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
  The dead at least are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
  That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, list'ning to its death-like moan,
  Let me, too, die away.

APPENDIX.

AN DEORAIḊ AS ÉIRINN.

I.

Ṫaimc ċum na tráiġ' an deoraiḋ ar Érinn
Buḋ trom, fuar an drúċt air' ḟálain ḃí san,
Ḃí aig osnaġail faoi n-a ṫír féin trá roiṁ eiriġ na gréine,
Ṡiúbail le air an ċnoic 'ḃuail an ṁuir, ḃorḃ teann.
Ḋearc se air reult na maidne go sár grinn
A d'éiriġ air a inis féin ḃí falcuiġṫe leis an lán toinn
Ann ar gnaṫaċ do ḃeiṫ seinim go croiḋaṁail 's go h-árd-binn
An t-aḃran ḃreáġ tíraṁail, "Eire go bráṫ".

II.

"Is truaġ e mo ḃeaṫa" ar 'n deoraiḋ boċt, craiḋte,
"Faġann an fiaṫ agus an faol-ċú fasgaḋ ann gaċ gleann
Aċt agam-sa ní'l dídean o'n leun 'nna ḃ-fuílim báite
Baile, no áit coṁnuiġe, ní ḃ-fuil agam ann;
Ní liom ḃeiṫ arís anns a g-craoḃ-ḃoṫan trílseaċ
Ann ar ċaiṫ mo ċeap-sinsir a n-aimsir go dilseaċ
No le bláḋ' aig gleus mo ċlarsaiġ ċum aḃrann ḃreaġ, milseaċ
Do ṫarrangt as a ṫeudaiḃ binn', "Eire go bráṫ".

APPENDIX.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

I.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
   The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing
   To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
   He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-Brath.

II.

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger:
   The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
   A home and a country remain not to me.
Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
   And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Brath.

III.

Éire! mo ṫír féin, ci faġṫa go leunṁar
Ann mo aisling' ḃeirim cuairt air do ċuanta breaġ, gráḋaċ,
Aċt faraoir! a d-tír coigreaċ, dúsġaim neaṁ-ċlaonṁar
Aig osnaġail fa mo ġaoltaiḃ naċ ċifiḋ go bráṫ:
O mo ċruaḋ ċinaṁuin b-fuil se a n-dán dam
'Ḃeiṫ 'sealḃ árais sioṫċain' gan leanan baoġail go gnaṫaċ liom?
De mo ḃraṫairiḃ 'g mo ċadairt ni ḃeiḋ aon go bráṫ liom
Fuair bás le mo ċomairc no mo ċaoineaḋ d' ḟan beo.

IV.

Ca ḃ-fuil ionsuiḋe mo ḃoṫain, ḃ-focair na coille craoḃaiġe?
Ḋeirḟiúra 'gus áṫair ar ċaoin siḃ iad air lár?
Ca ḃ-fuil an ṁaṫair ḃí aig áirdail m' óg laeṫe?
No ca ḃ-fuil mo ċairde d' ṫug a 'gean orṫa uil' bárr?
O mo ċroiḋe ḃrónaċ a ḃ-fad faġṫa go leanṁar
'S mairg a ḃí teann as am neaṁ-ḃuan seunṁar!
'S fras do ṫig na deora uainn buarṫa 'gus aonṁar
Aċt suarcas 'gus deire, ni tiocfaiḋ air ais go bráṫ.

V.

Aċt 'néis gac' gráḋaċ cuiṁne a ċosg réir mo ċuṁaċta
Tiocfaiḋ aon ais-rún aṁáin ó mo ċroiḋe;
Eire ḃeir deoraiḋ a ḃeannaċt duit le uaċta,
Tír mo ċeap-sinsir! Eire a ċoiḋċe!
Trá ḃeiḋeas me sínte ann uaiṁ ḟuar na cille
Glas biḋeaḋ do ṁaġa, "1" ḃreaġ na tuile
'Gus le díoġras scuabfad clársaċ 'seinfaiḋ an file
Eire mo ṁuirnín! Eire go bráṫ!

III.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
  In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far, foreign land I awaken,
  And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
  They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

IV.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?
  Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
  And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?
O my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
  But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

V.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
  One dying wish my lone bosom can draw—
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
  Land of me forefathers—Erin-go-Brath !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
  Erin mavourneen, Erin-go-Brath !

To the courtesy of the Messrs. LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., London, the reader is indebted for the rare advantage of having in the present edition of the MELODIES, the English original of the later songs of Moore with the Irish Version placed before him in juxtaposition.

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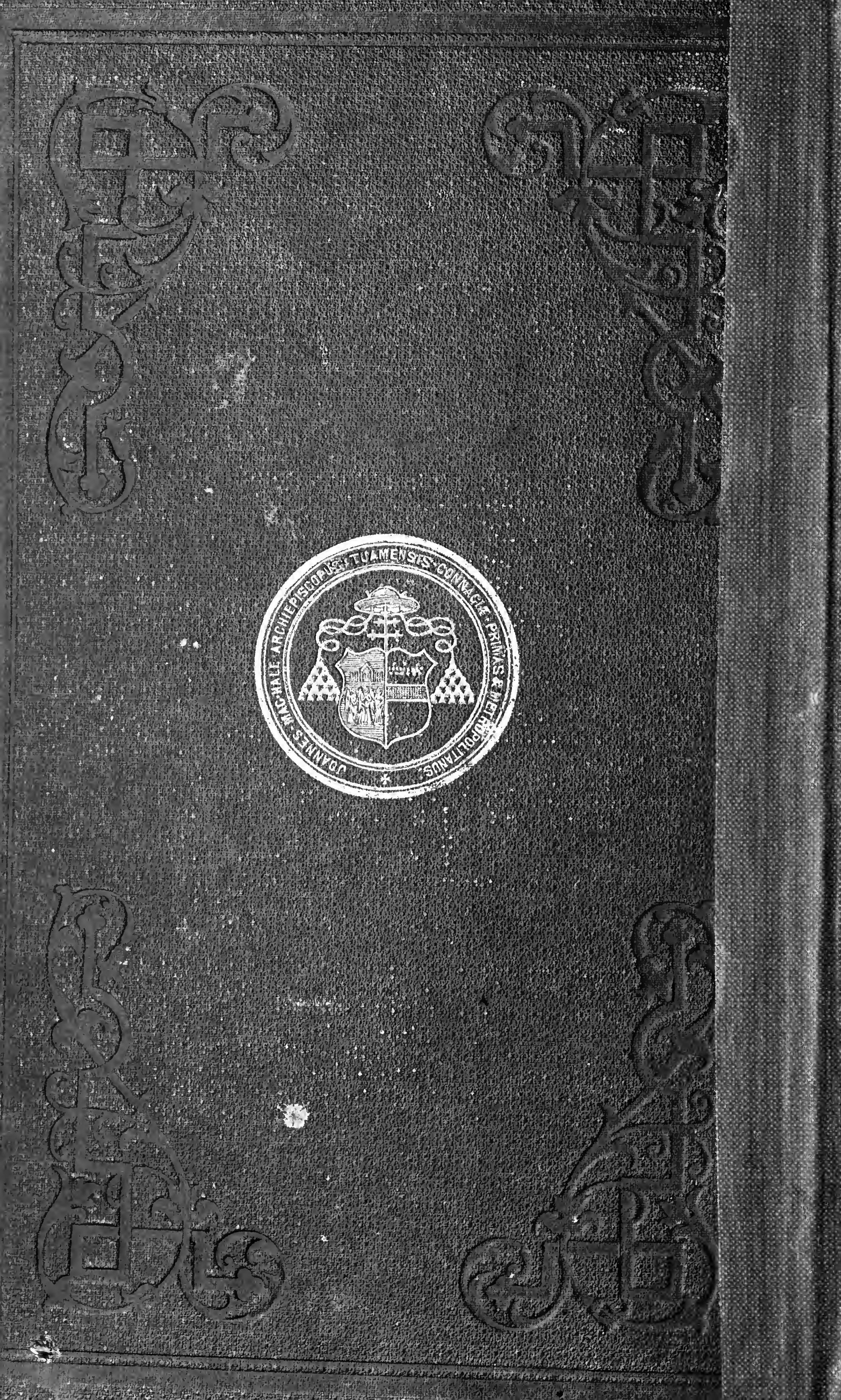

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